

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
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## THE SPELL.

They ride upon the wind at night,  
 And on the stirrups of the dawn—  
 The souls of whom he would have  
 sight,  
 The souls from whom he is with-  
 drawn,  
 They parley with him at the gate,  
 He calls them friend, he claims them  
 kin,  
 But still his hearth is desolate,  
 And still they may not enter in.  
 For one walks by him night and day,  
 With silver voice and beckoning  
 eyes;  
 Ever she leads him far away,  
 From where the key of entrance lies.  
 He cannot choose, he cannot choose  
 But follow in her rainbow track;  
 He can but weep such joy to lose,  
 He can but look with longing back.  
 And where she leads he knows too  
 well,  
 The stones, the loneliness, the dark;  
 But hers is the eternal spell—  
 The viewless goal, the unshot mark.

V. H. Friedlaender.

The Academy.

## THE WIND.

A wide green space, and an open sky!  
 And the world is only the wind and I,  
 As we fly together over the grass,  
 That sings in its joy to hear us pass.  
 For the runnels are fresh all over the  
 land,  
 And the tremulous grey gives place to  
 the blue  
 That the first of her flowers may find  
 their way  
 From the underworld to the light of  
 day—  
 Her violets sweet and her snowdrops  
 white.  
 Now the sea has a whisper'd word for  
 the sand,  
 For each moment the world is made  
 anew,  
 And the meadows are all astir to the  
 light;  
 But we, we were there when the world  
 was plann'd.  
 For once, ere I came into mortal form,  
 The wind and I, we were brothers. In  
 storm

We rushed thro' the void; and the  
 lightning laughed;  
 At its speed outpaced, to see how we  
 quaffed  
 The joy of the movement everywhere!  
 Now we sink, like a sigh, on the breast  
 of eve,  
 When the earth breathes fast at the  
 dawn of the year,  
 As she feels the step of Persephone  
 near;  
 And sweet, and soft, with a fond ca-  
 ress,  
 We waken the flowers from their  
 dream of sleep;  
 And the birds at our song begin to  
 pair.  
 Yet the wild storm cry, the strain and  
 the stress  
 Of recurring tides, bring the sense of  
 the deep,  
 First rush of things when we were  
 there!

Frances Tyrrell-Gill.

The Fortnightly Review.

## THE BED.

(Le Lit. "De Hérédia.")  
 Hung though it be with linen or  
 brocade,  
 Sad as a tomb or joyful as a nest,  
 Here man is born, here mated, here  
 takes rest,  
 Babe, husband, grandsire, grandam,  
 wife or maid.  
 Be it for bridal or for burial sprayed  
 Under black crucifix or palm-branch  
 blest,  
 From the first dawn till the last can-  
 dle drest,  
 Here all things made beginning, end-  
 ing made.  
 Low, rustic, shuttered . . . proud of  
 a pavilion  
 Victorious in gold-leaf and vermillion,  
 Hewn from brute oak,—cypress or  
 sycamore—  
 Happy who lies without remorse or  
 dread  
 In the paternal bed, immense and  
 hoar,  
 Where all his folk are born, where all  
 lie dead.

Sandys Wason.

The Saturday Review.

## THE CHANGING OF THE BALANCE OF POWER.

Future generations may see in the battle on the Ergene River one of the decisive battles of the world and in the war which is drawing to its end a milestone on the road of the world's history. The Turkish War has closed the European career of one of the most successful and most dreaded conquering nations. Only a comparatively short time ago—during the rule of Charles the Second and Louis the Fourteenth and during the lifetime of Peter the Great, Prince Eugene, the great Duke of Marlborough, Sir Isaac Newton and William Penn—the Turks held the Continent of Europe in awe, and besieged Vienna. To-day their rule in Europe is a thing of the past, and it is doubtful whether they will be able to keep even their Asiatic possessions. Turkey's downfall is significant not only to those who reflect upon the past but also to those who look into the future; for it may completely alter the very foundation of modern statecraft and of modern political organization. In consequence of Turkey's defeat the balance of power in Europe, which is the very foundation of its political, social and economic life, has begun to change, and no one can foresee the ultimate consequences of that change to Europe and to the world.

The policy of maintaining an equilibrium among States is as old as is civilization. It was constantly practised by the civilized States of antiquity. The balance of power is a device for preserving peace among States. It is a device for restraining any single State from becoming so powerful that it can without great risk make war upon other States and destroy the independence of its neighbors. The security of Great Britain and the peace of Europe depends very

largely upon the maintenance of the balance of power on the Continent. Its necessity was well summarized by Frederick the Great in his *Anti-Machiavel* in the following words:

The tranquillity of Europe rests principally upon the wise maintenance of the balance of power by which the superior strength of one State is made harmless by the countervailing weight of several States united among themselves. In case this equilibrium should disappear, it is to be feared that a universal revolution will be the result, and that an enormous new monarchy will be established upon the ruins of those States which were too weak for individual resistance and which lacked the necessary spirit to unite in time. If Egypt, Syria, and Macedonia had combined against the Roman Power, they would not have been overthrown. A wisely framed alliance and an energetic war would have preserved the ancient world from the chains of a universal despotism.

It should be remembered that the greatest wars which Europe has witnessed were brought about by the attempts of ambitious rulers or nations to destroy the balance of power in order to establish their predominance in Europe. The attempts of Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, Louis the Fourteenth, and Napoleon the First to obtain the mastery of Europe devastated the Continent and forced Great Britain to interfere for the sake of her own security.

Until a recent time only the five Continental Great Powers were firmly organized for mutual support. They formed two groups—the Triple Alliance composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, and the Dual Alliance composed of France and Russia. Great Britain held aloof from the nations of the Continent. The Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance formed

a very efficient balance of power. The late General Maurice showed in his book *The Balance of Military Power in Europe* that the two groups of Powers were approximately equally strong on land and on sea. Great Britain had no Continental policy, and she had no need for one. It was not necessary for her to labor for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe.

Germany put an end to England's policy of non-interference in Continental affairs. Her anti-British policy, which began with the Krüger telegram of 1896, the rapid increase of the German Navy, the anti-British agitation throughout Germany, and official pronouncements such as that contained in the preamble of the great German Navy Bill of 1900—"Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power"—were manifestations the significance of which could not possibly be misunderstood in this country. The keenness with which, since 1900, Germany began to compete with Great Britain on the seas will be seen from the following figures:

*Money Voted for Naval Construction*

	In Great Britain	In Germany
	£	£
1900 .	9,788,146	3,401,907
1901 .	10,420,256	4,921,036
1902 .	10,436,520	5,039,725
1903 .	11,473,030	4,388,748
1904 .	13,508,176	4,275,489
1905 .	11,291,002	4,720,206
1906 .	10,859,500	5,167,319
1907 .	9,227,000	5,910,959
1908 .	8,660,202	7,795,499
1909 .	11,227,194	10,177,062
1910 .	13,279,830	11,392,856
1911 .	15,063,877	12,250,269
1912 .	13,972,527	11,787,565

In the course of twelve short years Germany's expenditure on naval construction increased by 8,385,000*l.*, or by no less than 247 per cent, whilst

Great Britain increased her expenditure only by 4,184,000*l.*, or by 43 per cent. In 1900 Germany expended on naval construction only about one-third as much as was spent by Great Britain. During the last five years she spent on warship building nearly as much as did this country.

Germany's attitude and policy, the threatening language of her politicians, her professors and her Press, and the ominous increase of the German navy, which remained concentrated in the North Sea within striking distance of Great Britain's shores, compelled this country, as I was allowed to point out in this Review for the first time in August 1902,<sup>1</sup> to seek support with Germany's opponents, and in the first instance with France. The Anglo-French Entente was concluded in 1904.

Russia's defeat in Manchuria destroyed the balance of power in Europe. It made the Triple Alliance supreme. In 1905, immediately after Russia's decisive defeat, Germany brought about the first Morocco crisis. It was well-timed. As crippled Russia could not assist France, Great Britain had to take her part; for in view of Germany's anti-British attitude she could not allow France to be humiliated or defeated. Furthermore, it became Great Britain's task, as I pointed out in this Review<sup>2</sup> in March, May, and July 1905, in April 1906, and in September 1907, to support Russia against her Western neighbor until she had recovered from her defeats. An Anglo-Russian Entente was necessary, and it was concluded in 1907. The Triple Alliance was faced by a Triple Entente. The balance of power, which the Russo-Japanese War had destroyed, was thus re-established.

<sup>1</sup> "The Anti-British Movement in Germany."

<sup>2</sup> "The Renewal of the Japanese Alliance"; "The Balance of Power in Europe"; "The Collapse of Russia"; "The Future of Anglo-German Relations: a reply to Lord Avebury"; "The Anti-British Policy of Germany: a rejoinder to Lord Eversley."



Germany complained bitterly that Great Britain tried to isolate her and to crib and confine her by a network of hostile ententes. Her complaints were scarcely justified, for after the conclusion of the Triple Entente Germany was still supreme in Europe. The Triple Alliance was in reality a Quintuple Alliance in disguise. Up to the outbreak of the Balkan War Germany could, in case of a great European contest, count upon the support of Turkey and Roumania.

Roumania, after having saved Russia from defeat in the Russo-Turkish War, was despoiled by that country of Bessarabia. Henceforth Roumania became hostile to Russia and formed the intention of regaining her lost territories at the first opportunity. Roumania's foreign policy was directed chiefly by King Charles, a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, and he became not unnaturally a determined supporter of the Triple Alliance. The fact that, with General Brialmont's assistance, he fortified very strongly the eastern frontier of Roumania facing Russia, and left unfortified the frontier facing Austria-Hungary, openly proclaimed Roumania's policy to the world. Roumania's support was bound to be extremely valuable to the Triple Alliance. Roumania has a well-armed and well-organized army of 500,000 men. Owing to her geographical position, she can, in the case of a war with Russia, create a very effective diversion by attacking that country in the south, her most vulnerable part. As that country's support in case of a war with Russia would have been extremely valuable, the Powers of the Triple Alliance endeavored to gain Roumania's good will. They sent to Roumania their most eminent diplomats. Germany sent as ambassadors Prince Billow and Herr von Kiderlin-Wächter, Austria-Hungary sent Count Goluchowski,

Count Aehrenthal, and the Marquis of Pallavicini, and Italy Count Tornelli. The Bucharest Embassy became perhaps the most important embassy of the Powers of the Triple Alliance.

During many years it has been Germany's policy to strengthen Turkey against Russia. Through the unceasing activity of her statesmen, Germany had acquired the rôle of Turkey's guide, friend, and protector. She had assisted the Turks by providing them with money, arms, railways, and expert advisers. She had lent them some of her most eminent officers from Moltke to Colmar von der Goltz. Baron Marschall, Germany's ablest diplomat, represented his country at Constantinople during nearly two decades. When, at the time of the Armenian massacres, the world recoiled from Abdul Hamid with horror, William the Second visited him at his capital, pressed his hand, publicly praised his ability, accepted his hospitality, and slept under his roof. On the 8th of November 1890, at a banquet at Damascus, he proclaimed himself the protector of Mahommedanism throughout the world in the words: "May the Sultan of Turkey, and may the 300,000,000 Mahommedans throughout the world who venerate in him their Calliph, be assured that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times." Germany cultivated Turkey's good will most assiduously. She attached the greatest value to Turkey's support not so much for economic as for strategical reasons, for Turkey was able not only to attack Russia in the south in conjunction with Roumania, but she was the only Power through which Germany was able to strike an effective blow at Great Britain. General von Bernhardi, a leading general and one of the most eminent strategists and military writers of Germany, wrote in his recently published book, *Unsere Zukunft*, which

ought to be translated into English:

Particularly important for Germany are her relations with Turkey and Roumania. Both States are capable of forming an effective counterpoise against Russia. Besides, Turkey is the only State which is able to threaten seriously England's position and to attack that country by land, because Turkey can strike at the Suez Canal, and so cut through the most sensitive nerve of England and hit at a point which is of vital importance to her. Furthermore, the existence of a powerful Turkey in Europe is of the utmost importance to Germany, because it provides the only neutral route over which she can obtain foreign food and raw materials for her industries in case of war. In the North, England would blockade our coasts. In the Mediterranean, England and France would cut us off from the ocean. Towards the east and west we should be cut off from the world's trade by Russia and France. Therefore we can never tolerate that European Turkey should fall under Russian, which means under hostile, influence. That would probably also be the case if the smaller Balkan States should be allowed to expand towards the Aegean Sea. Turkey's military power must be preserved. It must be preserved in order to be of use to Germany. A militarily weakened Turkey would not be able to resist Slavdom successfully, and it could not remain independent of Russian and British policy.

In his book *Deutschland und der nächste Krieg*, which has been translated into English, the same author wrote:

Turkey, the predominant Power of the Near East, is of paramount importance to Germany. She is Germany's natural ally. It is emphatically in our interest to keep in close touch with her. The wisest course would have been to have made her a member of the Triple Alliance and to have prevented the Turkish-Italian war, which threatens to change the political situation to our disadvantage. By making

her a member of the Triple Alliance, Turkey would have received a two-fold gain. Her position would have been secured both against Russia and against England, two States with the hostility of which we Germans have to reckon. Besides, Turkey is the only Power which can threaten England's position in Egypt, and thus menace her shortest sea route to India and her land communications with that dependency. Therefore we ought to spare no sacrifice in order to secure Turkey as Germany's ally in preparation for a war with England or Russia. Turkey's interests are our own. . . .

The Turkish military forces would be a factor of great importance in the event of Turkey joining either the Triple Alliance or its opponents. The war strength of the Turkish Army comes to 700,000 men. Owing to the high military qualities of the Turkish soldiers, the Turkish Army must be regarded as a very important factor in war. She is a very valuable ally to that Power, or combination of Powers, which she chooses to join.

The Baghdad Railway was built by Germany, not only for the purpose of providing an outlet for German capital and of promoting the military and economic regeneration of Turkey, but also, and perhaps particularly, with the object of facilitating Turkish co-operation in case of an Anglo-German war. Dr. Paul Rohrbach, a leading German publicist and traveller, who has studied the Baghdad Railway in all its aspects, travelling through Asia Minor, wrote in his book *Die Bagdad-bahn*, which was published in 1911:

One factor, and one alone, will determine the possibility of a successful issue for Germany in case of an Anglo-German conflict. A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question. England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land, and from Europe, only in one place—in Egypt. The loss of Egypt would mean to England not only the end of her control over the Suez Canal

and the destruction of her connection with India and the Far East, but would probably entail the loss of her possessions in Central and East Africa as well. The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power like Turkey would also jeopardize England's rule over her 60,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India, and prejudice her relations with Afghanistan and Persia.

The Turkish Army must be increased and improved, and Turkey must be commercially and economically rehabilitated. The stronger Turkey grows, the more dangerous will she be for England. Egypt is a prize which would make it well worth Turkey's while to support Germany against England. The policy of protecting Turkey, which is now pursued by Germany, has no other object in view except the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war against England.

Another well-informed and very influential German writer, Dr. Paul Dehn, wrote in his book *Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt*, of which more than 100,000 copies have been sold:

If the Baghdad Railway is pushed so far that it will reach Mecca and Haifa on the coast of Palestine, England would have to calculate with the possibility of a Turkish attack upon Egypt if she should attack either Turkey herself or a third Power which is interested in Turkey's existence. It is true that three hundred miles separate Haifa from El Kantara, where the old high-road from Syria to Egypt crosses the Suez Canal, and that the road runs in part through territory which is poor in food and water. However, the road is level and comfortable, and there are no natural obstacles to be overcome. . . .

As long as the rails of the Baghdad Railway have not reached Aleppo, we cannot count upon Turkish co-operation in the direction of Egypt.

Many similar quotations could easily be given, but these should suffice to show that Germany reckons confidently

upon the assistance of Roumania and Turkey in case of a war with Russia, and particularly upon Turkey's co-operation in case of a war with Great Britain. The directors of Germany's foreign policy, like Napoleon the First, evidently saw in Egypt the key to the British Empire. Their aim was of truly Napoleonic boldness and grandeur. Germany's action in Turkey had revealed the object of her policy to attentive observers. Her activity had remained not unnoticed in England. Lord Kitchener, the Empire's greatest soldier, was sent to Egypt not merely on an administrative mission.

In view of the fact that Germany had driven Great Britain into the arms of France and Russia, and had exposed herself to the possibility of being simultaneously involved in a great war by land and sea, it was of course of the utmost importance to her that her position on land should be absolutely impregnable. In these circumstances it was clearly the first and most urgent duty of German statesmanship to take care that Austria-Hungary and Italy should be as strong as possible, and that Roumania and Turkey—and especially Turkey, the support of which would be invaluable in case of complications with Great Britain—should be firmly attached to Germany or to the Triple Alliance. But with the same incredible shortsightedness and levity with which Germany had embarked upon an anti-British course, she allowed Turkey to be attacked first by Italy and then by the Balkan States, and to be utterly defeated. If Germany had possessed a policy, if her diplomacy had been guided by a statesman, or merely by a man possessed of common sense, she would have known that the support of Turkey would be more valuable to her in the hour of need than that of Italy. She would, therefore, either have at-

tached Turkey to the Triple Alliance by treaty, as General von Bernhardi had suggested, or she would have replied to Italy's ultimatum to Turkey by an ultimatum of her own addressed to Italy, which very likely would have prevented the war.

Italy's victory over Turkey, and Turkey's internal difficulties which had been created by the Italian attack, encouraged the Balkan States to make war upon that country, and again Germany remained a passive looker-on while her valuable supporter was being assailed. The Balkan States would not have dared to attack Turkey had they been informed by Germany and Austria-Hungary that they would not tolerate such an attack. Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany, might have told Servia that an attack upon Turkey would immediately be followed by the occupation of Belgrade, which lies on the Austrian frontier, and Roumania could in conjunction have taken equally suitable and effective action at Sofia. But the General Staffs, the statesmen, and the public of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Roumania believed that Turkey would defeat the Balkan Allies. Germany and Austria-Hungary allowed the Turkish War to break out in the expectation that it would result in the triumph of Turkey to the great advantage of the Triple Alliance.

The Turkish War has had an unexpected issue. It has led to the downfall and the disappearance of European Turkey and to the rise of the Balkan nations. The Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins are Slavs. They incline towards Russia, which has worked and fought for their deliverance, and they dislike, distrust, and hate Austria-Hungary, which has fomented disorder in the Balkan Peninsula and which has endeavored to keep the Balkan Slavs under the Turkish yoke. In case of a war be-

tween Russia and Austria-Hungary the Balkan States, or at least Servia and Montenegro, may be expected to aid Russia, and it should not be forgotten that Austria-Hungary contains 25,000,000 Slavs, of whom no fewer than 5,500,000 are Servians, who live close to the borders of the Servian State.

It is clear, therefore, that the Turkish War has very seriously weakened the position of the Triple Alliance. It has deprived Germany and the Triple Alliance of the invaluable support of Turkey, which could, with a very large army, have attacked Russia in the south, or Great Britain in Egypt. Moreover, it has set free the Balkan States which hitherto were kept in check by Turkey, and it has very greatly strengthened their military power. In a few years they will probably be able to support Russia with almost a million men. Servia alone will before long be able to mobilize almost 500,000. The hostility of Servia is particularly dangerous to Austria-Hungary, because that country occupies a most valuable strategical position. Austria-Hungary is surrounded by vast mountain-chains, which have a large gap, the Danube Valley, facing Servia. In case of an Austro-Russian war the Austrian armies will be assembled in the north-east of the country, in Galicia. A Servian attack in the extreme south of the Dual Monarchy would, therefore, simultaneously threaten the flank and rear of the Austrian defences and the two capitals on the Danube.

The Balkan War has not only caused to Germany and to the Triple Alliance the loss of Turkey, which would have been an exceedingly valuable ally, and the rise of a very dangerous potential enemy on the weakest and most exposed frontier of Austria-Hungary, but it has also made Roumania's attitude uncertain. Rou-

mania has hitherto supported Austria-Hungary and Germany against Russia, not only because she had a grievance against Russia, but also because she could not afford to stand alone between Russia and Austria-Hungary. For her security she had to lean on one of her great neighbors, and she believed that she would be safest in relying upon Austria-Hungary and the Triple Alliance, because she thought that the Triple Alliance was the stronger of the two groups. The changes which have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula have caused Roumania to reconsider her position. The issue of the war has so seriously changed the balance of power to the disadvantage of the Triple Alliance, that Roumania seems inclined to support Russia and the Triple Entente. This is all the more likely, as Roumania could benefit very materially from a defeat of Austria-Hungary. Roumania wishes to expand. There is a strong irredentist movement in that country. In those districts of Austria-Hungary which are nearest to Roumania there dwell no less than 3,500,000 Roumanians. They complain bitterly about the ill-treatment which they receive. They wish to be reunited with Roumania, and they are encouraged by their kinsmen in Roumania to resist their alien rulers who try to denationalize them by force. Roumania can expand most easily towards the north and west, towards Austria-Hungary.

Many judicious observers consider that in consequence of the Balkan War Germany and the Triple Alliance have lost not only the support of Turkey but also that of Roumania, and have gained instead the hostility of the powerful Balkan States. General von Bernhardt wrote in *Unsere Zukunft*:

There was reason to hope that Austria and Roumania would actively inter-

fere either in order to prevent the outbreak of the Balkan War or at least in order to protect Turkey against a complete defeat. . . . It was evidently in the interest of the Triple Alliance to delay the expulsion of the Turks from Europe until the time when the great European war has been fought which will decide the fate of the States of Central Europe. Now the Triple Alliance will have to fight the great war of the future under far more unfavorable conditions. Before the decisive battle on the Ergene River one could calculate on the fact that Turkey and Roumania would fight on the side of the Triple Alliance in case of a European war. The advantages of the co-operation of these States is clear. These advantages have been lost through Turkey's defeat, and a condition of affairs has been created which threatens Germany and its allies with the most serious dangers. . . .

To all appearances Roumania also can no longer be counted upon as a possible supporter of the Triple Alliance. At present Roumania remains in touch with the Triple Alliance in order to obtain with its assistance an increase of territory at Bulgaria's cost. Wedged in between a powerful Russia and a greatly enlarged Bulgaria, Roumania will no longer be able to pursue an independent policy. In all probability it will either fall under Russia's influence or join the Balkan Federation. In either case Roumania has nothing more to hope for from the Triple Alliance. Necessity will compel that country more or less energetically to take the part of Germany's enemies.

The Balkan States and Roumania, lying between Slavs and Teutons, between hammer and anvil, occupy a very exposed position. They are too weak to stand alone. They have suffered from Austria's ill-will, intrigue, and oppression, and they can most easily grow at Austria's expense, which contains 5,500,000 Servians and 3,500,000 Roumanians. During the



settlement of the Balkan War. Serbia and Montenegro have suffered severely through Austria's interference, which has prevented their expansion in the direction of Albania. The Balkan democracies are drawn towards Russia through racial affinity and towards France through affection and democratic sentiment. Sentiment and self-interest will very likely prompt them to join the Triple Entente.

The mistakes of Germany's diplomacy have not only changed the grouping of the European Powers to Germany's disadvantage, but they have also weakened the power of her two Allies. Italy has, with Germany's consent and approval, tied up 100,000 soldiers in Tripoli, and as they are dependent upon Italian supplies Italy has not only greatly weakened her home army, but has given invaluable hostages to that country which rules the Mediterranean. Whilst Turkey was strong, Austria-Hungary need not have feared the enmity of the Balkan Slavs, and she could easily have used her entire army against Russia. In consequence of the Balkan War she has to place about 300,000 men on her southern frontier in case of a war with Russia. German diplomacy directs the Triple Alliance. It has speculated rashly on a Turkish victory over the Balkan States, a victory which would have increased Turkey's strength and which would have been to the advantage of the Triple Alliance. Turkey has collapsed like a house of cards, and with it has fallen the predominance of the Triple Alliance on the Continent of Europe.

The Balkan War has been a grave defeat of Germany and of the Triple Alliance, and a great victory of Slavdom. That is clearly recognized in Germany. On the same day when the German Chancellor placed before the party leaders of the Reichstag confi-

dential information regarding the necessity of strengthening the German army very greatly, the *Germania*, the leading organ of the Centre Party, which previously had been singularly well supplied with confidential advance information regarding the Government's intentions, wrote:

We have repeatedly stated that a victory of the Balkan Allies is in reality a Russian victory. When the great European War breaks out, the Triple Alliance will be opposed by the Triple Entente and the Balkan States, and the latter will be found more ready to fight the Triple Alliance than England. Until lately it was thought in Germany that we should have to prepare for the inevitable war with England. The events of the last few months have shown that a greater and more immediate danger threatens Germany from the direction of Russia. The Oriental question has assumed a new form. It may be summed up in the words, Germanism *versus* Slavdom.

When the diplomats of the Triple Alliance saw how seriously the balance of power was changing to their disadvantage, they thought of entering into more intimate relations with Spain, who might have aided the Central European group by attacking France in the rear, and compelling that country to leave several army corps on the Pyrenees. But recent events seem to show that Spain has entered upon very close relations with France, and it appears not impossible that some of the smaller nations of Europe will by and by follow Spain's example. The Triple Entente promises to become a Multiple Entente.

On the 22nd of September 1898 the German Emperor proclaimed at Stettin: "Germany's future lies upon the water." As he chose for Chancellors not able men of strong character but pliable and obedient men, that phrase became the watchword of German

statesmanship. Bismarck recognized that Germany's principal interest lay on land. He had pursued with great success a sober and practical continental policy, and we learn from his letters and speeches that he attached the greatest value to England's good will and support. His successors—perhaps one ought to say his successor—although they were devoid not only of striking ability but even of stability of purpose, deliberately discarded Bismarck's continental policy and proclaimed proudly their intention to embark upon a world-policy, and their policy became, perhaps involuntarily, an anti-British one. General von Bernhardi wrote with justified bitterness in his book *Unsere Zukunft*:

The insufficient capacity of the leading statesmen of Germany has only too often become apparent, and it can easily be accounted for. The men who are called into the Government and administration of the German Empire are not always the greatest, the most intelligent, and the soundest men obtainable, nor are they always men possessed of great strength of character. Favor and chance play mostly a decisive role in their selection and appointment.

In feverish haste Germany began to build up a colossal fleet. In 1900 Germany occupied with her fleet of battleships only the sixth place among the nations. To-day she occupies the second place, having overtaken Italy, Russia, France, and the United States. Never in the history of the world since the time when Rome embarked upon her struggle with Carthage has a great fleet been built up so rapidly. But Rome was able to challenge the seapower of Carthage because she was safe on land, because her land frontiers were not threatened by powerful military neighbors. The unwisdom and the danger of Germany's policy was obvious. In June 1912, exactly a year ago, I was allowed to contribute to

this Review an article entitled "The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany," in which I ventured to state:

By pursuing an anti-British policy Germany has not only driven Great Britain from Germany's side and has driven her into the arms of France and Russia, but she has at the same time gravely weakened the formerly reliable Triple Alliance. . . . A nation can safely embark upon a bold and costly trans-maritime policy only if it is secure on land, if it either occupies an island, like Great Britain and Japan, or if it occupies an isolated position and cannot be invaded by its neighbors, like the United States. Germany has three great land Powers for neighbors. Two of them, France and Russia, are not friendly to Germany, and she cannot rely with absolute certainty upon the support of her third neighbor, Austria-Hungary a fact of which Bismarck warned her in his *Memoirs*. Under these circumstances it is obvious that Germany's greatest need is not expansion oversea, but defence on land; that her greatest interests lie not on the sea, but on *terra firma*.

Guided by the maxim "Germany's future lies upon the water," the leaders of the "New Course" have been so anxious to strengthen the Navy that the German Army has been neglected both quantitatively and qualitatively. . . . Germany's expenditure upon the Navy has been comparatively extravagant and that on her Army scarcely sufficient. According to the German Constitution, every German citizen able to bear arms has to bear arms. Germany's population came in 1900 to 56,367,178 people. In 1910 it was 64,896,881 people, having increased by a little more than 8,500,000. It used to be the rule in Germany that a fixed proportion of the population, about 1.1 per cent., belonged to the standing army. Between 1901 and 1910 the German Army ought to have increased in the normal course by about 93,000 men, which is equal to about 1.1 per cent. on the 8,500,000 people by whom the

population was increased. But instead of adding 93,000 men to the standing army, Germany has added to it only 18,000, or but one-fifth of the normal number.

These statements met with incredulity in Great Britain and with derision and ridicule in Germany, where the article was widely quoted, but time meanwhile has proved their correctness. The fact that Germany has neglected both her diplomatic position on the Continent of Europe and her army became clear to all when the German Government suddenly demanded a truly gigantic increase of the army, an increase which in the course of the next five years will cost approximately 100,000,000*l.* The German Army Bill was prefaced by an *exposé des motifs*, in which the Government stated:

In consequence of the events which are taking place in the Balkans the balance of power in Europe has been shifted. If a war should be forced upon Germany, she would have to protect, possibly against several enemies, frontiers which are extended, and which are devoid of natural protection. In consequence of the political changes which have taken place it is to-day more than ever our supreme duty to make our military defence as strong as our population allows.

The strength of our army has not altogether kept pace with the growth of our population. A considerable portion of the people who are able to bear arms remains at present untrained. Universal service has proved the best basis of Germany's strength. Only if universal service remains a reality can we look to the future with firm confidence and the feeling that we have done our duty. The main idea of the Bill is the development of universal service in proportion with our population.

Nations, like individuals, have to pay for their mistakes. As Germany has lost the support of Turkey, and

perhaps that of Roumania as well, which together could aid the Triple Alliance with 1,200,000 men, and as she has acquired at the same time in the Balkan States a possible enemy able to place a very large army into the field, she had to replace the Turkish and Roumanian auxiliaries whom she had lost by German soldiers. The new German Army Bill increases the number of recruits by 63,000 men per year, and as nineteen yearly levies are liable to be called out in case of war, the Bill proposes to increase the war strength of the German Army by about one million men.

Modern wars are made by armed nations. As the population statistics determine the ultimate strength of armies, Germany's enormous and unprecedented military effort will probably not suffice to re-establish her military predominance in Europe. Germany has 67,000,000 inhabitants, and her population grows by 800,000 per year; Austria-Hungary has 50,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by 400,000 per year; Italy has 35,000,000 inhabitants, and her population grows by 200,000 per year. While the States of the Triple Alliance have together 152,000,000 inhabitants, who increased by 1,400,000 per year, Russia alone has 170,000,000 inhabitants who increase by approximately 3,000,000 per year. On the basis of the population and natural increase the position of the Triple Alliance is less favorable than that of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and it is, of course, still less favorable than is that of the Triple Entente. If we look at the position of the Triple Alliance from the military point of view we find that the Russian Army is now in every respect in a far better condition than it was before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. The armies of France and Russia combined are approximately as strong as those of the Triple

Alliance, and Germany's special effort, which she is about to make, will be neutralized by similar efforts which are being made by Russia and France. It follows that the military forces of the Triple Entente are superior to those of the Triple Alliance—amphibious Great Britain would be a very important factor in a Continental war—and if the Triple Entente should be enlarged by the accession of other States, such as the Balkan States, the position of the Triple Alliance would deteriorate still further. Bismarck made Germany and the Triple Alliance supreme in Europe. His successors have undone his work, and have made the Triple Entente supreme, for they have driven England into the arms of France and Russia, and have brought about the downfall of Turkey and the rise of the Balkan States.

It has been the traditional policy of Great Britain to defend the balance of power on the Continent by supporting the weaker Power, or group of Powers, against the stronger. In view of the undoubted superiority which the Triple Entente have acquired over the Triple Alliance through the shifting of the balance of power which the Balkan War has brought about, many believe that Great Britain should now either withdraw from Continental affairs or support Germany and the Triple Alliance. However, the British policy of maintaining the balance of power in Europe is not a soulless and purely mechanical policy of supporting the weaker Powers against the stronger. It is a means to an end. It is a deliberate policy for the promotion of peace which appeals strongly to the peaceful and contented nations. It is a policy which endeavors to insure peace by preserving the *status quo*, by supporting the satisfied nations, and by restraining those nations which desire to embark upon a policy of adventure, violence, and conquest.

The character and position of the Powers belonging to the Triple Alliance differ widely from the character and position of the Powers belonging to the Triple Entente. If we look at the matter from the economic point of view, we find that the Powers of the Triple Alliance are cramped for space. The emigration from Austria-Hungary and Italy is very great. It is true that Germany has on balance no emigration, but as her population increases by 800,000 per year the time seems to be near at hand when a very large German emigration will set in. Austria-Hungary has no colonies of any kind, and Germany and Italy have no colonies which are suitable for the settlement of large numbers of white people. The position of the Powers of the Triple Entente is entirely different. None of them has insufficient room. Russia has extensive stretches of thinly populated territory suitable for the settlement of her surplus population both in Europe and in Asia; Great Britain possesses vast reserves of virgin land in her Colonies in all parts of the world; France, although she has no surplus population, has extensive colonies situated in the temperate zone. For these reasons Russia, France, and Great Britain are satisfied with the territorial *status quo*, while the Powers of the Triple Alliance are not satisfied. The Powers of the Triple Entente are satisfied, and have every reason to be contented with their possessions, while those belonging to the Triple Alliance are land-hungry and envious of the position of the Powers of the Triple Entente. They are, therefore, the pace-makers in military and naval armaments.

The policy of political as that of private partnerships is largely shaped by the predominant partner. The predominant partner in the Triple Alliance is undoubtedly Germany; the pre-

dominant partner of the Triple Entente is probably Great Britain. Germany is a military State which has grown great by successful wars of conquest waged on the Continent of Europe. Great Britain and the British Empire form a free, commercial, and industrial community which has grown great by commerce, industry, and colonization. The Triple Alliance is land-hungry, restless, expansionist, militarist, and therefore aggressive in character; while the Triple Entente is satisfied, conservative, and peaceful. The Triple Alliance is composed of three monarchies, while the Triple Entente contains two democratic States. The Triple Alliance may perhaps be called a war group and the Triple Entente a peace group. It was not always so. Bismarck created the Triple Alliance for the purpose of preserving the *status quo* of Europe and of enabling Germany to preserve her conquests and to develop in peace. As that Alliance was considered to be a bulwark of peace, it was supported by the peacefully inclined smaller nations of Europe, but these are now coming round to the Triple Entente, for that group has taken the place of the Triple Alliance, and has become the defender of the peace of Europe and of the *status quo*.

Policy should be intelligent, and not mechanical. It is not an empty phrase, but a fact subject to proof, that peace is the greatest interest of Great Britain and of the British Empire. Those who do not wish well to Great Britain frequently assert that this country tries unceasingly to involve the nations of the Continent in war, and especially to break up the Triple Alliance so as to weaken Germany. That these assertions are untrue is shown by the fact that during the entire duration of the Balkan War Great Britain took probably the leading part in preventing dissension and war among the

Great Powers. Had this country desired to break up the Triple Alliance it could easily have done so. It need only have caused King Nicholas to remain at Scutari either by encouraging, or by merely not discouraging, him. That event would have led to the joint occupation of Albania by Austria-Hungary and Italy, to their quarrel over its division, and to the break-up of the Triple Alliance.

Therefore, Great Britain should not withdraw herself from the Triple Entente in order to produce a mechanical equilibrium between the two groups of European Powers. She should strengthen the peace group by her adherence, and should endeavor to convert the Triple Entente into a Multiple Entente, for an *entente* for the preservation of peace cannot possibly be too strong. Moreover, as long as Great Britain is a leading member of the Entente, she can more easily restrain that group if some of its members should feel tempted to attack the Central European Powers.

A balance of power, be it ever so nicely adjusted, will not enable the nations of the world to reduce their armaments. That can be done only when the control of the world passes out of the hands of the dissatisfied and ambitious military Powers, which have possessed that control hitherto, into the hands of peaceful and satisfied States. Democracy and militarism do not go well together. Democracy is revolting against militarism, and democracy only can abolish militarism in its most objectionable form. Many questions, such as the Balkan settlement, the question of the Aegean Islands, the Mediterranean question, and the question of Asia Minor, which may easily lead to a great European war, are pending. The peace group may soon find further opportunities for action.

Many ardent lovers of the Empire



and of the race desire that Great Britain should not occupy herself too much with the political affairs of the Continent, that she should devote her thought and strength to the development of the nation and of the Empire. As long as England is the citadel, the naval base, the bank and the clearing-house of the Empire—and that will remain England's position for a long time—the entire Empire is vitally interested in England's security, and with it in the balance of power, or, better still, in the preponderance of the peaceful elements on the Continent of Europe, which ensures the security of these islands. It is clear that Great Britain will best be able to devote her wealth and her energy to the uplifting of the race and to the development of the great Imperial domain when the position on the Continent is quite secure.

Great Britain is, after all, only a small portion of the British Empire. It covers only one ninety-fifth of the territory under the British flag. The great Dominions, with their vast, wealthy and fruitful territories, will gradually fill up, and their population will far exceed the population of these narrow isles. In a few decades the centre of the Empire may shift from London to Montreal. Great Britain's principal interests are Imperial, are extra-European. For her it is highly desirable that the European tension should diminish and that she should be able to devote all her strength to the affairs of the British race throughout the world. But when Great Britain need no longer watch the balance of power in Europe she will have to watch the balance of power of the world. The largest and the most valuable spaces of the world belong to Anglo-Saxons, to Russians, and to Asiatics. Although all the frontiers in all the five continents are carefully marked and delimited, they are not de-

limited for all time. The peoples of the world, as the nations of Europe, may be divided into two groups, into a satisfied group and a dissatisfied one. The earth contains 50,250,000 square miles of land. Of these, 48,500,000 square miles are owned or controlled by white peoples, while only 1,750,000 square miles belong to China proper and to Japan. The 600,000,000 of white people may perhaps be called satisfied, for they own and control 29-30ths of the solid surface of the globe; but the 500,000,000 Chinese and Japanese, who possess only 1-30th of the world's territories, are scarcely satisfied, and they may not much longer consent to be cooped up in their overcrowded countries by the white races who refuse them access to even the most thinly populated countries which they control.

The Anglo-Saxon nations, which own and control the most desirable and the most thinly populated territories of the world, are not beloved by the other nations. They are threatened by two dangers—by the danger arising from the over-populated military States of Europe and by the danger arising from the over-populated States of the Far East. The Anglo-Saxon nations have become the landlords of the universe, and landlords are not loved. It is true that the population of the United States and of the British Dominions is rapidly increasing. Still, very many years will pass by before the disproportion between the Anglo-Saxon population and the land which it possesses has disappeared. Very many years will pass before the vast Anglo-Saxon territories will be so well filled that they will be secure against an attack from the military Powers of Europe and from the swarming hosts of Asia. The men of Anglo-Saxon race own or control a full third of the world's surface. Providence has given them a greatly privileged position,

but they can preserve that position only if they are ready to defend it. The white men of overcrowded Continental Europe number 450,000,000, the Chinese and Japanese number 500,000,000, the Anglo-Saxons number only 150,000,000. Unity makes for strength. The two branches of Anglo-Saxondom should combine for the defence of their possessions, and they can do this all the easier as the men of the British Empire and the United States are one in language, in civilization, in character, in tradition, and in the essential, though not the outward, form of government.

Great Britain and the United States are indispensable to one another. It may be said that the British fleet protects the United States' shores and the Monroe doctrine. If Great Britain should lose her naval supremacy, the United States would have the military States of Europe as direct neighbors, and they would have to create vast armies and navies capable of defeating any conceivable combination which might be formed against them. On the other hand, the United States may have to protect the British possessions in America and elsewhere against the yellow races, which may claim their share of the world.

North America lies exactly half-way between the over-populated countries of the Far East and the over-populated countries of Europe. The United States are threatened by two equally dreaded enemies—by Asiatic cheap labor and by European militarism, by the starvation competition of the East and by war. The danger of the Far East is the more immediate one to the United States, because Great Britain protects the United States against the military States of Europe. China is awakening. The friction between the United States and Japan which exists at present is probably only the beginning of very serious and very pro-

tracted differences between that country and the teeming millions of the Far East. Great Britain and the British Empire have no interest in seeing the United States involved in a difficult and dangerous war with Japan. They have no interest in seeing the Panama Canal falling into Japanese hands and the Pacific Coast attacked by Japanese fleets and armies.

While Great Britain and the British Empire have no interest in seeing the United States and Japan involved in a struggle which might prove only the beginning of a long series of wars, the United States have no interest in seeing Great Britain's position endangered or weakened by the military Powers of Europe. On the contrary, it is in the interest of the United States that Great Britain should preserve her naval supremacy against the great military States of the world. From the point of view of the citizens of the United States, and from that of many broad-minded Englishmen, it is perhaps not necessary that Great Britain should rule the waves, but it is certainly necessary that Anglo-Saxondom should be supreme on all oceans. The freedom of the sea and the security of the coasts is, after all, as essential to the United States as it is to Great Britain and to the Dominions and Colonies. It is bad enough that the lands of the Old World are stricken by militarism. It would be worse if militarism should encroach upon the sea as well, monopolize it, and spread then, like a festering disease, across the sea to all the new countries. The expansion of the European Triple Entente into a Multiple Entente, into a Peace-Entente, is certainly important for Great Britain and the British Empire, but the creation of an Anglo-American Entente is no less important, both for sentimental and for practical reasons. The European Con-

cert has proved an ineffective instrument for preserving peace and order within and without Europe. For the settlement of the great extra-European problems, Anglo-American co-operation, an Anglo-American Concert, is needed. It is self-evident that the world must either become Anglo-Saxon or fall a prey to militarism.

The co-operation of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations is particularly important, because the military nations of Europe will, in case of war, probably endeavor to weaken Great Britain and the United States by producing strife between them and by creating trouble in their Colonies. General von Bernhardi wrote in *Unsere Zukunft*:

The United States of North America occupy a position of absolute independence. A distinct conflict of interests exists between them and England, firstly, because the United States are England's most dangerous competitor in the trade of the world, and especially in the trade with Eastern Asia; secondly, because the United States are determined not to submit to England's naval predominance in any case. The Dominion of Canada forms another point of friction between these two States. On the other hand, there are no material differences between the United States and Germany. It is true that the peaceful division of the world between England and the United States is conceivable. However, at present there are no indications of such an understanding. As matters are at present England would derive from a defeat of Germany an enormous increase in power, an increase which would be unfavorable to the interests of the United States. It follows therefore that the co-operation of the United States and of Germany would be in the interests of both countries.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

It is to be borne in mind that in the English colonies, in India, South Africa, and Egypt, there are large quantities of explosive material. Therefore it seems by no means unthinkable that revolts and natural risings might occur in those parts if England should be engaged in an unfortunate, or merely in a dangerous, war. These are circumstances with which we Germans have to reckon, and it is our duty to make the best use of them.

Many similar quotations might easily be given. It is a well-known fact that the German Vote has been organized by Germany in the United States with a view to making mischief between the United States and Great Britain.

Reason and sentiment should teach the Anglo-Saxons throughout the world that co-operation between the United States and Great Britain is right and is necessary. There is such a thing as racial solidarity. This instinct has drawn the States of the American Union together. It is drawing together at present the States of the British Empire, and it should eventually draw together the British Empire and the United States. The time may come when the Anglo-Saxon nations will have to choose between the militarization of the world, accompanied by the loss in war of large portions of their possessions to an alien race, and an Anglo-American reunion which will save them from these evils. A great Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth embracing the British Empire and the United States would be the greatest instrument of peace and progress which the world has even seen. It would establish the peace, prosperity and security of the Anglo-Saxon race for all time.

J. Ellis Barker.

## THE DEATH OF SATIRE.

The literary historian who is to write the story of the complex literature of the nineteenth century, will trace, as colors and figures are traced in tapestries, a gradual fading of the bright strands of epic and satiric poetry amid the preponderance of the lyric. Following the major threads of formal English satire as they run successively from Dryden to Swift, from Swift to Pope, and from Pope to Churchill, Gifford, and Byron, he will finally find them fled in modern times, as if for a last refuge, to the domain of the New World. Beyond the nucleus they form in the work of certain American writers to which reference shall be made later, they reappear, so far as the present shows, no more.

It is this strange, exotic, and anachronistic development and decay of satire, which we are here to consider, as well as the causes that have operated against the wider influence and appreciation of what was once a vital force in literature.

There can be no doubt that satire *per se*, whether personal or general, is out of accord with the spirit of the time. Its lightnings and thunders may awaken astonishment or afflict an individual, but to-day they seem powerless to shatter prejudice or custom. Humanity, discerning progress with clearer eyes, and with stumbling steps achieving it, hearkens rather to the voice of tolerance than of condemnation. This mental atmosphere, essentially and ethically optimistic, is one in which the nettles and cacti of satire cannot flourish.

The satire which attained such perfection in the eighteenth century was the product of a pedantic, artificial age. It reflected and imitated the literary forms and fashions of the ancients, and was dominated by the elegant

pseudo-classicism of the epigrammatic, antithetic school of Pope and his contemporaries. They satirized not life, but manners. Swift alone, following with savage rancour in the footsteps of the laughing Rabelais, produced original and spontaneous work. Later came Churchill and Wolcott, laying sturdily about them with their bludgeon-like couplets. Finally, in a new century, the galled and resentful Byron snatched up the mask left by Pope, and through it petulantly pronounced his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The voice was the voice of Byron, but the language and form were those of Pope. All subsequent satirists borrowed their arms from the keen-witted dwarf of Twickenham—all who wrote satire wrote it according to his model. Who has not wearied of the tiresome, interminable, heroic couplets of the prolific authors and casual satirists of the eighteenth century and those of the beginning of the nineteenth? They poured their satiric matter into slavish forms and faithfully followed a despotic fashion.

Heine, through the medium of a foreign tongue, was the first to embody and blend the satirical with the lyrical note, and to show the possibilities of irreverent laughter. Flinging aside the lofty denunciatory declamation of the old satirists, the German singer smote with laughing lips, gracefully throwing his glittering javelins of wit at what seemed most secure and sacred, often pouring his bitterest sarcasm into his sweetest songs. This scintillating, sentimental satire was the offspring of a union between the rose of Romanticism and the acrid aloe of his own experience. His genius converted the rod of the censor into a flute on which he piped, by turns, the sweetest strains or the most biting

blasts, or intermingled both. His influence was not unfelt in England. It swept in, about 1830, with the wave of enthusiasm over the newly-discovered treasures of German literature, of which Carlyle was the first prophet and path-finder. Thenceforth satire was divided and sub-divided again and again, until it lost all its old identity, its classic and long-established character. It underwent, by all who presumed to use it, a constant adulteration, diffusion, and metamorphosis. It lost its dignity and importance as an individual unit, and became subservient to other ends. After passing and sifting through the successive periods of the Romantic, the Idealistic, and Naturalistic, through Transcendental and later Æstheticism, and finally, through modern Realism, satire, as we behold it to-day, is scarcely recognizable. The old satire seems certainly dead. What survives is a new, hybrid, and harmless thing.

The most obvious vehicles for the diluted and indirect satire of modern times are, beyond doubt, the novel and the stage. Poetic forms are almost monopolized by the purely lyric. Indignation or enthusiasm for reform, or personal vindication or revenge, now seldom fire men to rail in rhyme. The voice of righteous wrath, wise admonition or awful prophecy, speaking as with the burning lips of an Ezekiel or an Isaiah, is dumb or unheard in this age of many voices. Vehemence and uncompromising attack are not considered in taste, and denunciation of shams is thought to be actuated by intolerance or private malignance. This, it would seem, is a direct outgrowth of an epoch of productive mediocrity, which, banded together by a certain sentiment among its representatives, resents anything that may prove a danger to all. Softer sentiments sway the censor, and the critics are no longer tyrants, safe and unmo-

lest in their strongholds, but timid and tender-hearted, or, at least, indifferent reviewers, loth to damn the bad, and exhausting their powers of panegyric upon the passable commonplaces wherewith the presses flooded them. Mediocrity, observe, has to-day attained a certain respectable level.

This is true, not only of literary, but of all art, and of society in general. Ruskin ventures to criticise Whistler; Whistler invokes the aid of the law, and points out how enemies may be made. In England an iron-armored law of Hbel protects the character of the good and the bad alike; in America the myriad-voiced irreverence and disregard for authority bar out the dominance of any censor. The newspapers, too, with their swift, infallible readiness, forestall and render inept any attempt to write satire of consequence on occasions of consequence. Ere indignation or protest brings inspiration, the event lies dead in the past and interest is cold. It has also become the function of the journals to act as censors of morality or taste—so far as their catering to public prejudice or their own interests will permit. Here is a power enormous indeed, but rendered singularly ineffectual by the necessarily superficial mode of its presentation and its ephemeral-interest.

In the novel, then, and on the stage must modern satire seek its field. By example and by portrayal of human life, and not by criticism of it, nor by direct precept or punishment, is mankind to be lessoned and disciplined. In an age of anæsthetic and apathetic nature, the nauseous, medicinal satiric draught must be sweetened, the bitter pill disguised with sugar; the satire must be enforced under the guise of amusement. Modern culture, with its hedonistic and Epicurean tendencies and perversions, finds this not unacceptable, but for corrective purposes this Janus-faced presentment is, unfortunately, a



palpable failure. The vague moral is undone by the amusement, the disguised lesson is annulled by the laugh. All lacks serious point and emphasis. In the satiric comedies of the ancients, the forces of lampoon and ridicule attacked vice and folly in open warfare; the avowed purpose was to render them odious. There was no confusion nor concealment of means or end. When Aristophanes attacked the innovators of religion, philosophy, or politics in Greece, every Athenian cobbler knew that it was Socrates who was ridiculed in *Clouds*, Euripides in the *Frogs* and *Acharnians*, and Cleon the demagogue in the *Knights*. The principle and the person satirized were apparent enough, and the satire, frank and outright in speech and form, worked plainly towards its goal.

It was Molière, casting ridicule and scorn upon whole classes of society, who first set up a model for the satire of the modern stage. Although he seldom attacked concrete individualities, his types were common and unmistakable, his manner sure and merciless. The last of this school, as exemplified in the English satiric drama, was Sheridan, brilliantly bringing to a seemly close the light, licentious school of eighteenth-century comedy which took satire as an excuse for its existence. Pope in England, Boileau in France, and Lessing in Germany, the latter applying satire to art as well as to literary criticism, had left their corrective influence upon public taste, which was already rising to a loftier level in the new century.

In England, the thistles and nettles of satire found little room to grow in those pleasant natural fields and tenderly-nurtured gardens, full of flowers of sensuous and desirous beauty and spiritual introspection which the new poetry of Shelley and Keats, and the human *naïveté* of Wordsworth cre-

ated. In vain the scornful, prejudiced Giffords shot his vigorous and venomous volleys into this ethereal literature; uncongenial to satire it thrived and survived, and his own perished with the dominance of the older school he sought to defend. Byron's onslaught upon the poets and critics was the last echo of the school of Pope. Into his *Vision of Judgment* he had, however, infused a strain of Dantesque sublimity, which, heretofore, had been foreign to satire. The satire of Shelley, though it comprises one-twelfth of his work, has little significance. In the *Anti-Jacobin* we have some indication of a new note, some original satiric document of that time, and in the droll rhymes and clever parodies of George Canning, some evidence of the tendency of satire towards humor.

Life became more complex, new visions broke upon the world, metaphysics, analyzing the soul, proclaimed it subject to improvement. Humanity assumed another and more sacred aspect. In England part of this was due to the growth of ideas fertilized by the blood of the French Revolution, that grim satiric tragedy of the rights of man, to sublime ideals beaming from the celestial thought of Goethe, and to a new and broader humanitarianism. As we glance backward and listen for the voice of the time that followed close upon this period, we seem to see the weird, looming figure of Professor Teufelsdröckh in contention with the *Zeit-Geist*, and to hear the sonorous voice of Carlyle rising in a vast protest against the spiritual slave. Satire here found another form, another voice, another prophet. Nor is Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*, to be overlooked with his once-pithy work—done on the model of *Gulliver*. On the Continent Heine sparkled and sang, smiling sardonically.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, poetical satire, like the satiric

drama long before, appeared to be extinct. The Arthurian inspiration in literature laid a spell with its Merlin-wand upon the tongue of censure. There were at times weak, sporadic attempts, such as *The Age*, by Bailey, the author of *Festus*. Only when combined with humor was satire permitted to speak, and on the stage it appeared only in conjunction with humor and music, as in the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Robbed of its seriousness, it fell into inanition—the laugh annulled the lesson—the eagle fell pierced by the shaft his own wing had feathered. Then the problem play was born, and conscious satire was changed into the form of a riddle, debate, or question, whose solution or conclusion involved either approval or condemnation on the spectator's part. As Balzac, objectively and magnificently, created his *Comédie Humaine*, analyzing society with the happy fire of his genius, so Ibsen, searching with merciless and mordant precision, based his dark *Tragédie Humaine* upon the disease and ill-being he found in the body of modern mankind. His iron scalpel dissected the living framework of the soul, the icy and terrible mirror of his implacable art disclosed to us our wan and weary faces, sick with civilization. Like Goethe, he placed his finger upon Humanity, and said: "Thouallest here and here."

Ibsen paved the way for the latest phase of what was once the satiric drama, but is now represented by such ultra-original comedy as that of Mr. Bernard Shaw. This loosely-constructed, unformal theatrical craft consists of an irregular combination of more or less witty dialogue bearing upon modern, social, and economic evils, sometimes treated in a manner so facetious as to seem insincere and superficial. Shaw's "discussions," however, are not held between human beings, but rather between the incarna-

tions and embodiments of those gigantic fungus-growths, saprophytes, and economic monsters which have sprung from the soil of our latter-day civilization. Indubitably Shaw is a force for social reform, his shapeless drama is based upon well-shaped beliefs, and, in its own way, achieves its end. He uses laughter both as a lever and a light.

The story of satire, as exemplified in the form of the novel, does not run a parallel course with the satiric drama, nor share the same fate as satiric poetry. Inspired by Cervantes and Le Sage, it attained strength and splendor in Fielding, reaching later on in his great disciple, Thackeray, a subtlety of expression and form and a marvellous comprehensiveness. As a censor of the manners and morality of the English upper classes, as a worldly sermonizer and satirist of society, Thackeray remains unique. Dickens, assuming a humbler view-point and discarding censure in his characterization, trespassed upon the borders of caricature. But already Thackeray and Dickens stand in the dim dusk of a period close in time, but remote in ideas and manners.

The current of modern satire was set entirely in the direction of humor; it sought less to censure than to amuse, less to punish than to please. When mingled with comicality and pathos in writers like Hood and Jerrold, it became still more innocuous, and underwent an easy degeneration which was, at the same time the development of a new school of humorists.

The verbal adroitness, the deft felicity of phrase and figure, the cunning craftsmanship in literary technicalities, the acute critical insight, the smooth agility in rhyme and repartee, not to overlook the proneness to punning—all these were distinguishing features of the succeeding galaxy of humorists, of which Tom Hood the younger, Charles Stuart Calverly and

Austin Dobson were the bright particular lights. They discovered the secret of investing the obviously solemn or the trivial daily commonplaces with appearances of the ludicrous or with touches of sentiment. Their fineness of touch and form and their command of supple English gave strength and clarity unto the humoristic speech of that day, despite the growing laxity of the language in its connection with journalism.

A study of the decay and the decline of satire could not be considered complete without paying a respectful attention to certain parallel tendencies and influences that affected its expression in America. It will be necessary, therefore, first to sweep with a glance the meagre history of satire in the United States. The first professed satirist to appear was John Trumbull, writing during and after the war of the Revolution and upon themes connected with it. His most pretentious, but now forgotten, work is *McFingal*, the finest imitation of *Hudibras* ever produced. After Trumbull's, for more than fifty years, no satire of any consequence appeared. Then in the famous *Biglow Papers* of James Russell Lowell, written during the Mexican War in 1846 and the Civil War in 1861-65, satire again became a force, drawing the popular laughter, scorn, and indignation upon whatever Lowell found ripe for his wit. Like the ancient *Atellanae Fabulae* and the *Fescennini verses*, these Yankee satires were cast in a rude vernacular—the rustic idiom and dialect of the New England farmer. The petty Puritanical social institutions, the filibustering expeditions, the slave question and secession, political quackery, and other legitimate themes all came under Lowell's pen. Limited in interest as these verses were through localisms and dialect, their success in England would be the more remarkable were it due to

the satire alone. Their appeal was made through their pungent humor, quaint characterization, and kindly human quality. The satire was entirely involved with its humor, indeed, subordinated to it. There is now little warrant for still classing Lowell as the foremost American satirist, though his work is certainly the best known. Judged by the sharpest, most classic standards of satire, the superiority of a comparatively obscure Western satirist, Ambrose Bierce, in substance, strength, and style, becomes plain. Unlike Lowell, he is, however, under the disadvantage of never having devoted his splendid powers to any great movement of his time. The lover of satire at its best will find keen enjoyment and much surprise in such works of his as *Black Beetles in Amber* and *Shapes of Clay*.

Swift's dictum that mankind give so ready an acceptance to satire because in it everyone recognizes the failings of his fellows and never his own and is therefore not displeased, no longer seems valid in our day. Despite the ineradicable delight felt at the discomfiture or defeat by literary wit of men or measures obnoxious to us, it is indubitably true that the modern mind is not in sympathy with the means of satire. It resents personal censorship as it does punishment. It classes the spiritual whip, flaying-knife, branding-irons, and pillory of the satirist with those mechanical instruments of torture which civilization no longer tolerates. Reform, the true end of all satire, is slowly to be brought about by reason, and not by flagellation. The futility of satire appears particularly pronounced in republics, where, in spite of the freedom of speech and because of it, aggregate man is loth to pay reverence to self-assumed moral or literary dictatorship—though he may accept a financial or a political one. It is to be remarked, too, that with the

exception of England, where the laws of libel are drawn even more strictly than the twelve tablets enlarged by Augustus to curtail the power of the Roman writers, satire is still a factor in monarchies. This, strangely enough is evidenced most in those States in which the *Kulturkampf* is waged most strenuously. It enters into the polemical battles brought about by the defence of or attack on new or old ideas. In this application, it seems to verify Shaftesbury's maxim that ridicule is the test of truth—as acid of gold. There is a necessity felt to-day for the independent expression of the pamphleteer, and this necessity newspapers, which are usually party or class organs, cannot supply. Lessing's *Laocoon* is a classic example of the way in which satire may be a potent aid to criticism. The purpose of satire, whether personal or abstract, should always be corrective or didactic. It must not be merely punitive, as was too often the work of the modern Juvenals. It must possess a moral purpose and the ability to discriminate between what in nature is incorrigible and essential and what is capable of improvement. Pope's belief that stupidity could be cured or fittingly punished was grounded in deep error.

Satire was first introduced into the world to remedy the shortcomings of the law, to step in where the legal code was powerless, and to correct bad taste by castigation of those who transgressed accepted canons. When the laws or canons, often under the influence of satire itself, suffered change, the satire usually lost its significance, having accomplished its purpose. Martial, coarsely flattering his patrons on the one hand, and vituperating society on the other, and Dryden, filling his very *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Satire* with disgusting sycophancy of the Earl of Rochester, would themselves be legitimate prey to a modern

censor. So Pope, dethroning Theobald to gratify his personal spite by making Cibber the hero of the *Dunciad*, degraded the inspiration of his work.

To be a force for the amendment of the world's disarray has been the just inspiration of the satiric poet. His vocation is to be, for this end, the watchdog of society, a member of the literary or critical constabulary—on the watch for offenders.

Lucilius, denouncing the foolish or wicked by name, startled Horace. The modern satirist has usually accepted Pope's principle of "lashing the sin and sparing the sinner," a purely benevolent concept which Pope himself violated in his *Grub Street* epic. The American satirist, Ambrose Bierce, however, maintains that satire, to be effective and corrective, must be personal and concrete. His theory is luminously proclaimed in the following lines *To a Censor*:—

"The delay granted by the weakness and good nature of our judges is responsible for half the murders."—*Daily Newspaper*.

Delay responsible? Why, then, my friend,

Impeach Delay and you will make an end.

Thrust vile Delay in jail and let it rot  
For doing all the things that it should not.

Put not good-natured judges under bond,

But make Delay in damages respond.  
Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, rolled  
Into one pitiless, unsmiling scold—  
Unsparring censor, be your thongs uncurled

To "lash the rascals naked through the world."

The rascals? Nay, Rascality's the thing

Above whose back your knotted scourges sing.

Your satire, truly, like a razor keen,  
"Wounds with a touch that's neither felt nor seen;"

For naught that you assail with falchion free

Has either nerves to feel nor eyes to see.

Against abstractions evermore you charge;

You hack no helmet and you need no targe;

That wickedness is wrong and sin a vice,

That wrong's not right and foulness never nice

Fearless affirm. All consequences dare;  
Smite the offence and the offender spare.

When Ananias and Sapphira lied,  
Falsehood, had you been there, had surely died.

When money-changers in the Temple sat,

At money-changing you'd have whirled the "cat"!

Good friend, if any judge deserve your blame,

Have you no courage, or has he no name?

Thus, molesting only the personified abstractions which the older satirists attacked, such as Vice, Folly, and Hypocrisy, and fearing to lash the vicious, the foolish, or the hypocritical man, or to stigmatize him fearlessly by name, the satirist deprives his work of the elements of fear and terror, and renders it of small effect. Is it not in this quality of enforced or false respect for the personality of the offender that the reason for the futility of modern satire must be sought? And yet, though essentially punitive in character, true satire must contain a corrective and instructive quality. Nor must it be limited in scope and interest by applying it to a single individual, for then it has little more than the effect of a personal castigation, and loses all its didactic strength.

It appears that only those masters of satire whose work was epic in its nature have commanded the veneration of the world and cleared paths for light and progress by demolishing error and ignorance. It is incapacity for satire on a large scale which is the greatest

lack in the few anachronistic spirits who have feebly labored to perpetuate the art of Juvenal and Martial in an unpropitious time.

For the satirist to become a power and to speak in a universal tongue, the creation of some comprehensive type becomes necessary, some embodiment or personification of what is to be censured or ridiculed. *Don Quixote* is but an incorporation of the fantastic chivalry Cervantes aimed to destroy, the *Knight Hudibras* a lay figure symbolizing all the follies of Puritanism, the hero of the *Dunciad* and his subjects, though real persons, are depicted as the incarnations of Dullness and literary baseness. In *Gulliver* the Struldbugs and Yahoos incorporate all the vileness of humanity as Gulliver himself does its normal qualities. Judged by these standards, of wide application and significance, of power to group in masses, of command of the general instead of the particular, of appealing to all mankind irrespective of time or place, of ability to show an active identification of themselves with, for, or against the thought or tendency of their age, the vague satire of the moderns, with the exception of that of Anatole France, must be considered of moral inconsequence.

The value of the expression of satire seems often to be confounded with the value of the satire as a whole. Since the proper purpose of satire is a didactic and not an æsthetic one, the theme and thought should be granted an importance beyond that of form and manner. Divested of its moral significance, satire may attain artistic perfection when confined to personal censure, but its brilliancy, empty of all positive import, is forced, under the name of wit, to take a lower rank in literature.

Whatever judgment posterity is to render upon the satiric labors of our day in prose or poetry, novel or drama—whether it will determine to preserve



them with the work of the masters, or embalm them as earnest but unappealing literary art, or consider them purely as an anomaly, a unique anachronism or atavism of literature, present conditions will go far towards explaining the unpopularity of undisguised satire in modern life.

It would appear that far beyond the possibilities of any other country, America might furnish large and legitimate themes for the satirist, out of the dense and feverish jungles of her still unformed civilization.

In a state or establishment of society in which the factors of education and the results of culture are not guided by powerful and enlightened masculine minds, or rather where such minds have relinquished these nobler pursuits and devoted themselves exclusively to politics and commerce, there is a corresponding usurpation by feminine minds, which, exercising more and more power, at last establish emasculated standards and erect a tyranny of taste in accordance with them. Since the intense strain of the competitive struggle in trade devours the leisure and the mental energy of the men, the devotion to and patronage of art and literature, as in all nations and at all times, are left to that portion of the population enjoying leisure. This in the United States is the feminine portion. The writer who does not cater to the ideals of this all-powerful, comprehensive section foredooms his work to practical failure. In such an atmosphere, it may easily be conceived, the potent masculine product of satire would meet with no sympathy or toleration, would, in fact, be directly antagonized by a universal spirit inimical to forthright utterance, keen criticism, or fearless denunciation.

The laxity in enforcement of the laws, the flexible, ingenious code of public honor produced by the indifference to private culpability, the predom-

inance of the mediocre, aggrandized and encouraged by the slavishness or timidity of indiscriminate critics, a mercenary and subsidized Press, and the wide contamination due to commercial ideals of success, all these powerful factors, crushing the criticism of the few undaunted personalities whose voices are raised in censure, are fatal to independent satire. The American people, under the influence of false standards or conceptions of living on the one hand, and the commercializing and effeminatizing of taste on the other, have developed a growth of unhealthy hedonism and slavish tolerance.

Under these abnormal conditions, a public or national conscience cannot exist, and as it is the duty of the satirist or censor to act as this conscience, the chief of American guides or censors, in the person of ex-President Roosevelt himself, meets with increasing opposition and alienation from his audience as soon as he ventures upon blunt censure or advice.

The enforced inactivity of men gifted to speak in the thunder-tones of Elijah to their countrymen is the more to be regretted since never before did the corrupted limbs of the American national body have greater need of satiric surgery. Great popular abuses and evils, monstrous parasitic growths, incorporated dishonesty, and organized crime tyrannize the land, "graft," that national disease, poisons the air, gigantic folly and vulgarity run amuck through people and through Press, and all national ideals and noble traditions are tainted by the spirit of Mammon. The voices of the prophets of doom and of regeneration are heard in the land, but the dragon-slayers sleep upon their swords, or, waking, toy with them in listless mood. Only one resolute voice,<sup>1</sup> lifted in sorrow rather than in anger, has for years invoked the

<sup>1</sup> Ambrose Bierce in "An Invocation."

Goddess of Liberty whose sanctity is threatened:—

But when (O, distant be the time!)

Majorities in passion draw

Insurgent swords to murder Law,  
And all the land is red with crime:

Or—nearer menace—when the band

Of feeble spirits cringe and plead

To the gigantic strength of Greed,

And fawn upon his iron hand;—

Nay, when the steps to state are worn

In hollows by the feet of thieves,

And Mammon sits among the  
sheaves

And chuckles while the reapers mourn;

Then stay thy miracle!—replace

The broken throne, repair the chain,

Restore the interrupted reign

And vell again thy patient face. . . .

Since literary forms and fashions of  
expression wax and wane, as well as

*The Fortnightly Review.*

the element of taste, it is not beyond surmise that satire, free and fearless, may again become a potent agent for good. But ere that be possible, a responsiveness must be born in the people, or its voice will be smothered like a whisper in a storm, and its thunderbolts expend themselves on men of straw.

Whether the spirit of aggressive satire shall perish entirely among the modern *Kulturvölker* is therefore matter for conjecture, but beyond certainty. Yet if it be so, the history of the extinction of spinal, virile English satire will be found by posterity to terminate in the work of Byron and Gifford, and, by a strange anomaly, in that of one or two writers of Western America, the last worthy and redoubtable exponents of the school of Pope and Swift.

*Herman Scheffauer.*

## COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE FERRIN.

### CHAPTER XI.

A house was taken—a large house passably furnished and, according to the house agent, "situated in the most desirable quarter of South Kensington." The house agent also assured his clients that he had secured for them an unprecedented bargain—so handsomely appointed, so replete with conveniences, and only eight guineas a week! Servants were left by the owner, the tenants of course paying wages and the extras included in that mysterious phrase "all found."

Altogether the family considered they were lucky. Mr. Fleetwood had a large smoking room opening on to well-kept gardens where children and nurses played and strolled, and ladies exercised unnatural-looking little dogs. Here he tied flies, and sorted his papers, and tried not to think about tiger shooting. Without much enthusiasm,

for the sake of air and exercise, he "took up" golf, god-fathered by a fellow pensioner from India, a near neighbor who played badly and was enchanted to find an opponent who played worse. The two passed long hours on a course within easy reach of London, losing their tempers and innumerable golf balls; but though Mr. Fleetwood with keen eye and active limbs could soon beat his disgusted friend, he never truly appreciated the game. He found the days more tedious when he did not play. A walk in the morning, not in the Park because he liked to go out in comfortable old clothes, and the girls bothered him to "make himself look decent if he was going where he would see people." So sometimes he changed the books at the library, or wandered into a museum, once actually, for something to do, he volunteered to go to the fish-

monger's and select the fish for dinner. But as Mrs. Fleetwood complained afterwards, of course he bought soles which that day, according to fishmonger, "were scarce and dear." In the afternoons he went to his club and talked with men he had known in India, smoked and read the papers, and found he looked forward to seeing the Pioneer Mail. Sometimes he went to a race meeting.

He longed for the autumn when they could get into a house in the country with a little shooting, where at any rate fields and woods would be around him. . . . Sorely he missed his work, his guns, his horses; but he said little, hardly yet understanding how greatly he was bored. He accepted and endured the situation without complaint, somewhat as a child will accept adverse conditions of life with inarticulate fatalism. At least there was one unexpected palliation of the circumstances—the parlormaid proved almost as excellent a valet as old Gunga.

Mrs. Fleetwood, for her part, was fairly content. She liked her big bedroom, and found the back drawing-room a pleasant refuge wherein to write letters and to rest when tired. The cook seemed an amiable individual who was willing to "manage," and who proclaimed, so to speak as her motto, that she always "laid herself out" to please her ladies. Nevertheless the housekeeping books appeared to her present lady alarmingly high—but then, of course, they were a large party, five of themselves and four servants and "help," not to speak of people always coming to luncheon or dinner. Whenever a member of the family met a friend, that friend was instantly invited to a meal as a matter of course.

During the season they gave quite a large At Home, using the gardens, having a string band, and a fortune-teller. Lady Landon lent her presence

to the party *en route* from and to half-a-dozen entertainments of a like nature. Also came a crowd of Indian friends and many new acquaintances acquired by the two elder girls. And all the relations attended from the suburbs, henceforward regarding the Fleetwoods as millionaires.

Marion and Isabel lived strenuously, and might be said to enjoy themselves, though certain vexations and drawbacks rather qualified their pleasures and thwarted their aspirations. Lady Landon, for example, was not all the social help they had anticipated she would be. They did not realize that some six years back at the time of their visit to her in London it was her whim to take two pretty girls about with her—to pose as the kindhearted matron who "loved to see young people enjoy themselves." It was the fashion just then to make much of girls, just as at another time it was "the thing" to drive in the Park with children, instead of dogs, on the back seat of the carriage, with a discreet nurse in attendance. That particular season Lady Landon unearthed a child belonging to a distant and hitherto little noticed relative of her late husband, and displayed the darling to her admiring friends as the carriage rested in the shade by the Park railings. But the custom ended abruptly on account of the rebellion of the darling who, one afternoon, created a scene. It was because she wished to go and see the ducks on the Serpentine, and "Auntie," as she was instructed to call the kind lady who took her and Nanny out driving, preferred to remain where she was, conversing with people who gathered round the carriage. The child became unmanageable, shrieked and kicked, bit her nurse, tore a hole in Auntie's skirt, and it all happened just at the moment that the Royal carriage passed by!

But to return to Marion and Isabel.

Girls were not fashionable this year, and Lady Landon now rather affected young married women. So that though she was good-natured enough to her two pretty nieces because people admired them and asked who they were, and sometimes said they were surely her sisters, not her nieces!—she did little more than take them to Hurlingham now and then, have them to luncheon occasionally, and of course to all her immense At Homes, when the street was blocked with vehicles for an entire afternoon, and the pavement outside her door rendered impassable by waiting grooms and footmen. However, the Fleetwood girls, handsome and with pleasant manners, were patronized by some of Lady Landon's acquaintances—principally those who regarded the nieces as a possible stepping-stone to the aunt's greater favor. Mrs. de Wick, for example, sent them constant invitations. Therefore Marion and Isabel went out considerably, after a fashion; that is to say, they went to Sandown and Ranelagh and Hurlingham, to Lord's and Henley, and innumerate luncheons and afternoon At Homes. Of course it all cost money for clothes and cabs and so forth, money disbursed ungrudgingly by their parents, who also endeavored to make return to all these people "for their kindness to the girls." Then, naturally, when men called, they must be asked to dinner, though these all seemed to be either mere youths or more than elderly bachelors. Mrs. Fleetwood was delighted to see her daughters' friends, and did not mind how many people she invited to the house. In addition there was a large circle of old Anglo-Indian friends whose hospitality she loved to return—she and John were always dining out among them. The result was that the servants began to say they were run off their legs, and though increased wages and extra help soon supplied

them with fresh energy, the turmoil continued till the end of the season drew near and it was time to think of leaving London.

One evening, before dinner, Mrs. Fleetwood and her two elder daughters were in the smoking room discussing this question. Outside it was still daylight, the French windows at the top of the short flight of steps leading into the gardens stood open, and the air was languid with the smell of dry earth and exhausted flowers. Isabel, who had been at a concert all the afternoon, leaned back, tired, on the sofa, clad in a loose cool tea-gown, and felt rather relieved than otherwise that she was not going out to-night. She did not envy Marion her summons from Aunt Beatrice to do "stop-gap" at a dinner-party, somebody having failed at the last moment. "Come smart," was scribbled at the end of the note, and certainly Marion looked exceeding "smart" standing ready in a shimmering green gown that enhanced the sparkle in her hair and the creamy smoothness of her neck and arms.

"It will be a long, hot, dull dinner-party!" said Isabel.

"Yes, just a lot of tag end people left over in London," agreed Marion. "Everybody is clearing out as fast as they can now," she added to her mother, "and we are no nearer definite plans than we were a fortnight ago!"

"Well, dears, what do you want? Your father has worn himself out lately, looking at places to settle in, but all the houses we should like seem so dreadfully expensive, and I really have not had the time yet to go into the matter properly myself."

Mrs. Fleetwood stood at the open window looking back into the room, a kind little figure, yet not quite so plump as when she left India, her blue eyes not quite so serene.

"Why need we actually settle any-

where yet?" argued Marion. "Why shouldn't we take another furnished house somewhere in the country and make it our headquarters while we pay visits? We've all had invitations of sorts. Mr. Taylor has asked Dad to take a share in that shoot he goes in for, hasn't he? and there are plenty of people Isabel and I can stay with for a few days at a time, on the river and about the place."

"Well, really," said Mrs. Fleetwood, "I don't see the necessity of taking another house at all for the present. We've got this house anyway till the end of October, and Fay and I could stay here quietly and keep it open while you people go backwards and forwards. It would save a lot of money," she concluded persuasively.

Marion trailed to and fro restlessly in her green gown. "Everything at home seems to resolve itself into a matter of money!" she complained. "Nobody is really of any account who hasn't the money to entertain well, or who is not of such good birth that poverty doesn't matter. The difficulty of life in London for people like ourselves is the difference in incomes. There is no sociability in common here as there is in India, where we all knew each other more or less and amused ourselves together in the same way and with the same things; at home it's all a matter of birth or money. If we were going to settle in London we might eventually have as large a circle of friends as Mrs. de Wick or even Aunt Beatrice, but we shouldn't be really "in" things because we haven't the means and are not of any particular rank. Who should we know worth knowing? Where should we go except through the good-nature of other people, or by cadging for vouchers and badges and tickets? We are people with 'no money' and nothing much in the way of connections except Aunt Beatrice, who, after all—" She paused

and shrugged her shoulders with meaning. Then added, petulantly, "And if we go into the country it will be pretty much the same—probably worse!"

"But, Marion, my dear, we must consider your father. He can't bear London," interposed Mrs. Fleetwood.

"I do think," Marion continued, ignoring her mother's words, "that Aunt Beatrice might have played up a little more. She has no daughters of her own."

"But the people she knows best are mostly so old, or else so impossibly smart," said Isabel, "and they all seem to live for nothing but their food and calling on each other."

"All the same," said Marion with frank significance, "those people must surely have male belongings who are not old or stuck up or greedy, though I must admit that the unmarried men in England all appear to be either patriarchs or puppies, with no happy medium!"

"We certainly haven't met much else," agreed Isabel, "and I'm sure I don't want to marry a very old man or a very young one. They seem to me equally odious."

"My dear Isabel," put in Mrs. Fleetwood, mildly amused, "you appear to have forgotten that Captain Mickleham will be home the beginning of this cold weather?"

Isabel flushed and looked uneasy. She threw a glance of appeal at her sister.

"Winter you mean, mother, not cold weather," Marion corrected promptly. She spoke with a certain asperity in order to divert attention from Isabel, though indeed her mother's habit of using Indian words and phrases was a perpetual small irritation. Mrs. Fleetwood persisted in calling an entrée a side-dish, alluding to luncheon as "tiffin," to kitchen pots and pans as "degchies," and so on. She seemed



unable to dislodge from her mind the idea that empty soda-water bottles were of value, as in India; and she could not endure to see ice wasted. . . .

Isabel stood up now. Her weariness seemed gone. "Lewis Mickleham is not coming home yet, mother. His people are going out to India for the winter, so he can't get away till the spring."

Mrs. Fleetwood said "Oh!" sympathetically, but she did not ask questions. Provided this alteration in Captain Mickleham's plans did not fret Isabel she herself was glad to hear of it. Neither she nor John cared for the young man; he seemed to them weak and uninteresting in character, and it was more than likely that his people would oppose his marriage with a penniless girl, who was, moreover, not quite of their own world.

Marion looked at the clock and wished it were time to start, wished she had not dressed so early. Into her heart had crept a little teasing regret for the old friendly Indian life, for the social uniformity, the bond of common amusements and topics of interest. None of those difficulties existed in India that made life so complicated in England for those who had not the advantage of assured family claims, or a recognized monetary position. In India no English official people were wealthy, and the same recreations, the same meeting places were open to one and all. While here, Marion continued to reflect, recreation was a matter of trouble and expense for the ordinary human being. Unwillingly she recognized the truth—that, after all, life in India was not so much to be despised.

Mr. Fleetwood and Fay came into the room, and a few minutes later Marion drew on her gloves, put on her cloak, sent for a taxi-cab, and went off to dine with her aunt—to help consume a dinner the cost of which would

probably have kept a whole family from destitution for a year.

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Fleetwood, as the front door closed behind her eldest daughter, "that we are no nearer making plans. I really do think it would be more sensible to use this house as long as we are paying for it, don't you, Isabel?"

"I suppose it would," said Isabel lazily, "but isn't it rather appalling to think of being in London at all during August and September?"

That night, after dinner, Fay went out into the gardens alone. She moved like a phantom in the warm darkness, a slender figure in a white gown that swept the dry grass beneath her feet, for Fay was now just seventeen, no longer the "flapper" of the family. Her skirts were of orthodox grown-up length, her soft dark hair was gathered into a knot at the back of her neck. During these last few months she had developed both physically and in character. Lessons from competent teachers had awakened her to the value of knowledge. She read more than ever, and now with definite purpose; music was a delight to her, and she practised on the piano for hours together. Perhaps she was more silent, more dreamy than before; the sprite-like perverseness in her nature that had so distracted old Gunga seemed dead or dormant—sometimes her gravity was such that it troubled her mother. It was not natural for Fay to like to be alone so much, that she should be absorbed to such an extent in books and music, should care so little for amusements and the smaller gaieties available for a girl who was not yet "out."

Fay seldom spoke of India now. Mrs. Fleetwood once asked her if she were forgetting India, and Fay did not answer. Her mother's attention being attracted elsewhere for the moment the question was not repeated,

but Fay answered it bitterly to herself. Forget India!—when the sights and sounds and perfume of India were with her in her memory night and day! The ticking of a certain clock in one of the rooms reminded her of the note of the coppersmith bird in the compound at the beginning of the hot weather, and Mrs. Fleetwood sometimes wondered why Fay was so fond of sitting in that room. The smell of burning wood, the cooling of pigeons on a hot sunny day, made her heart contract with yearning recollection. If she saw an ayah with English children in the streets she could not pass the woman without speaking to her. On one memorable day she spoke in Hindustani to a Mahomedan youth in a frock coat and a turban on the platform of an underground railway station when with her father, so bringing severe reproof upon herself. The youth had laughed at first, then, seeing Mr. Fleetwood's face, the insolent grin became fixed as a mask and he hastily jumped into the wrong train to escape from the wrath of those glittering blue eyes in an unmistakably "old Indian" face.

"If I hadn't been with you," said Mr. Fleetwood sternly to his daughter, "that fellow would have been rude, but though I could have kicked him at the moment, he was not nearly so much to blame as you were for speaking to him. You brought it on yourself. You wouldn't speak to a strange Englishman in an underground railway station or anywhere else—why on earth should you speak to a native? What will he think and say of the manners of English ladies?"

Poor Fay! She repressed her tears all the way home, and appeared becomingly repentant and ashamed. How could she explain that it was India, India she had spoken to—not a low-classed Mahomedan youth? It was useless to attempt explanation. No-

body would ever understand or sympathize. . . .

To-night she wandered listlessly in the bluish darkness of the gardens, up and down the lawn. The shrubs behind the border were shapeless and shadowless, the gravel path around the plot of grass showed faint and dim. Beyond the iron railings the traffic rolled unceasingly. A huge dray rattled past, shaking the ground, filling the night air with thunderous clamor. To Fay there seemed everywhere a sense of contraction. Since the first day of her arrival in London she had felt herself in prison, a noisy, feverish imprisonment, inactivity without peace, restriction without rest. She moved on, vaguely sad, overwhelmed in spirit with hopeless longing for the years that were over. . . .

A warm, dry wind arose and rustled among the shrubs, and touched her face with its dusty breath. In a measure it was reminiscent of India. She closed her eyes, covered her ears with her hands to shut out the harsh sounds of the streets, and gave herself over wholly to seductive delusion. The tall, crowded houses were gone, there was no street, no traffic, no hurrying passers-by. She was in a moonlit garden, in a wide quiet. There were hanging creepers; waxen flowers gave out their scent, perfumes of India wafted about her. Far away a little stringed instrument was thrumming softly, and a tom-tom beat with faint, monotonous rhythm. Beneath a cluster of great shisham trees lay a group of white tombs, peaceful, melancholy, and the moonlight quivered on them through the trees. . . .

Then pictures of India crowded through her mind in dreamy procession without special reference to period or place. A sun-soaked bazaar, humming with the deep, sonorous murmur of voices, full of lazy movement, of excess of color, and trivial human

happenings; a scene so alluring despite the dust and the dirt and the flies, pervaded with that strange admixture of odors—the indescribable smell of the East, revolting yet attractive. Again—white tents with a heavy background of mango-trees, parrots flashing overhead in streaks of emerald green; air, space, freedom; and, all around, the great, wide country, so vast and old and dry. . . . Morning rides in keen cold air that was aerated with sunshine; evenings so serene and still, with marvellous sunsets; the wonder and the glory of the Hills!

And among such pictures one line—  
The Times.

(To be continued)

### THOMAS HARDY.

It is Mr. Hardy's good fortune that he has seen set up in his lifetime the only monument which a man of letters should esteem—a complete, well-ordered edition of his works. The twenty volumes, recently published,<sup>1</sup> are the eloquent testimony of a life's activity. As you see thus assembled the sum of Mr. Hardy's work, you may discern the purposes which have animated his artistic career. That he himself is conscious of a certain variety in his novels is made evident by his own wise classification, which all his readers will readily accept. Yet (even where he surrendered to the spirit of his age so far as to compose "novels of ingenuity," he is still sincere to his faith in the influence of nature, to his belief in the stern, un pitying destiny which directs the acts and impulses of mortal man.)

The best of his works are ranged under the title of "novels of character and environment." And thus, at the word "environment," we are carried

gered before her mental vision perhaps a little longer than the rest before it slid away to make room for yet another and another,—the picture of a rampart overlooking a city and a dusty plain. She saw the tall mass of masonry behind and the deep drop below, where the camel men sat beside their munching beasts, and the plume of blue smoke curled up from their little fire. On the rampart stood a young figure dressed in spotless white, with burning eyes and proud pose, waving a slim brown hand over the outstretched view, crying exultantly: "It is all mine! It is all mine!"

off at once to his native Wessex. The intense feeling of locality which engrosses Mr. Hardy comes from no mere love of the picturesque, from no amiable interest in topographical exactitude. Mr. Hardy belongs by birth and temperament to the soil of England. He sees life with a clearer vision when it is lived upon the heath and in the woodlands, which he knows and loves so well. He sees sights and hears sounds in the countryside, of which others less gifted are all unconscious. A true autochthon, he discovers in the landscape of Wessex not merely what is but what has been. The roads and uplands, the streets and lanes of the country town, are haunted for him by the spirits of the past. He looks with a clairvoyant eye upon the multi-form procession of strange races which have made Wessex their home since the beginning of time. To the stranger Casterbridge is a busy market-town, and no more. For Mr. Hardy it is a book of history, which his discerning sight reads as other men read their newspaper. "Casterbridge," he writes

<sup>1</sup> The Works of Thomas Hardy in Prose and Verse. Wessex Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.

in a vivid passage, "announced old Rome in every street, alley, and precinct. It looked Roman, bespoke the art of Rome, concealed dead men of Rome. It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town fields or gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire who had lain there in his silent unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years." And the memories of ancient Rome are not the only memories evoked by ancient Wessex. The country has its associations no less lively than those of the town. If a man should live with peace and understanding in a remote village, "he must know," says Mr. Hardy, "all about those invisible ones of the days gone by, whose feet have traversed the fields which look so grey from his windows; recall whose creaking plough has turned those sods from time to time, whose hands planted the trees that form a crest to the opposite hill; whose horses and hands have torn through that underwood; what birds affect that particular brake; what bygone domestic dramas of love, jealousy, revenge, or disappointment have been enacted in the cottages, the mansion, the street, or on the green." That, and much more, have the villages of Wessex meant to Mr. Hardy. He sees the houses scarred with the pathos of life, like the faces of the men and women, and from an inanimate present divines an animate past. He peoples the cottages with human beings of bygone days, the puppets of the ministers of an untoward fate, and he speaks to them or hears them speak with the familiarity of a complacent neighbor.)

And as the men of the past keep no secrets from him, so he has learned the language of the trees and of the winds. In the opening lines of "Under the Greenwood Tree," the first of its series, he strikes the true note of mel-

ody, which echoes through all his books. "To dwellers in a wood," he tells us, "almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze the fir-trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quaverings; the beech rustles as its flat boughs rise and fall." Here is lore which will always elude the town-bred man, and this lore, intimately acquired by Mr. Hardy, explains the profound emotions which he perceives in hill and vale, in the placid river or the tumbling sea. He looks upon landscape as the proper background of comedy or tragedy. The countryside is the web upon which he weaves the intricate woof of his stories. "Fair prospects wed happily with fair times," says he; "but, alas! if times be not fair." So vividly conscious is he himself, so vividly conscious does he make his readers, of certain scenes, that the landscape takes its place as an actor in the drama of human life. That great masterpiece "The Return of the Native," is dominated by the changing strength and splendor of Egdon Heath. The opening lines, simple as they are, seem fraught with tragedy. "A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor." So far all is silence and immobility. Then a slow change takes place. The obscurity in the air fraternizes with the obscurity in the land, and Egdon Heath is turned to an animate, sentient body. "The place became full of a watchful intentness now," writes Mr. Hardy, "for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and

listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus unmoved during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow." Such was Egdon, an "obscure, obsolete, superseded country," which Mr. Hardy looks upon in close relation with the human race. "It was at present a place," he writes, "perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities!" Its age, in Mr. Hardy's view, carries us much further back than the age of "the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea." He champions its antiquity with a sort of jealousy. "The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained." and for this very reason, the sinister changelessness of Egdon Heath. "The Return of the Native" should not have had what is known in the circulating libraries as a "happy ending." A book which begins in foreboding should end in sadness. There should have been no marriage between Thomasin and the reddleman. And to this sombre end it was that Mr. Hardy designed the book. But the necessity of "serial publication" disposed it otherwise, and Mr. Hardy, putting the alternatives before us, leaves "those with an austere artistic code to assume the more consistent

conclusion to be the true one."

It must not be thought that the landscape which serves as a background to Mr. Hardy's novels is bleak and silent. Rather it is the scene of manifold activities and divers superstitions. We are told that the first book put into Mr. Hardy's boyish hands was Dryden's *Virgil*, and it is easy to perceive *Virgil's* wholesome influence. Never since the "*Georgics*" have the industries of the countryside been turned to literary account with so fine a sense of their enduring importance as in Mr. Hardy's novels of environment. "*The Woodlanders*" is redolent of the scent of cider-apples. The music of the axe, laid to the trunk of the tree, accompanies the tragedy of Gilles Winterborne and Marty South. In one aspect, "*Far From the Madding Crowd*" is one long fight against the ill-omened forces of nature. Gabriel Oak finds his enemies in fire and storm. The scenes in which Gabriel saves the ricks from burning, and thatches the stacks against the oncoming deluge, are without a rival for truth and intensity in English literature. Indeed there is scarcely an episode in the life of a farm to which Mr. Hardy has not given a just expression. Nor is he content with a mere statement of the facts. He blends with the true vision of a keen observer the sentiment of the poet. Here you find the honey-takers at work; there is a perfect picture of sheep-shearing. Now there are troubles in the fold: the ewes have broken down the fence and got into a field of young clover. Now the reaping-machine "ticks like the love-making of a grasshopper." Men and women assert themselves or lose themselves in their environment. "A fieldman is a personality," writes Mr. Hardy; a field-woman is a portion of the field; she has somehow lost her own margin, imbibed the essence of her surroundings, and assimilated herself with it." And



the immutable countryside, where three or four score years are included in the present, changes neither its picture nor its frame. The perfect blending of men with inanimate things is always before Mr. Hardy's eyes. In "Far From the Madding Crowd" "the barn is natural to the shearers, and the shearers are in harmony with the barn." With a fine eloquence Mr. Hardy paints the shearing-barn as a symbol of human permanence: "One could say about it," he writes, "what could hardly be said of the church or the castle, akin to it in age and style, that the taste which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. . . . The old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the ancient builders was at one with the spirit of the modern beholder. . . . The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common standpoint."

Thus it is that spiritually or architecturally the traditions of country life are preserved. Thus it is that the distance which separates Mr. Hardy from Virgil is no greater than the distance which separates the new Weatherbury from the old. "The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*." Thus it is that Mr. Hardy's rural sketches are touched with an eternal truth. "The dairy maids and men," it is written in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "had flocked down from their cottages and out of the dairy-house with the arrival of the cows from the meads; the maids walking in pattens, not on account of

the weather, but to keep their shoes above the mulch of the barton. Each girl sat down on her three-legged stool, her face sideways, her right cheek resting against the cow, and looked musingly along the animal's flank." Here, instead, we are in a world unaffected by the thing miscalled education, inspired by the follies of politicians, a world which is and will be always what it was. The fashions of the city may shift as they will. Tess and her companions will cross the barton in pattens and sit sideways against the cow until the end of time.

And Mr. Hardy's countryside is the home not only of industry, but of those primitive beliefs now rashly dismissed as "superstitions." In the world of his painting the "forecaster" still foretells the weather at a price; the quack-salver vends his cheap cures, or offers for sale the love-philtres, which seemed of efficacy in the golden age. The old wives' remedies are known and practised; nothing but the fat of adders will cure an adder's bite. The belief in witchcraft still "lurks like a mole underneath the visible surface of manners." Susan Nunsuch, in "The Return of the Native," models Eustacia in wax, red-ribbon, sandal-shoes, and all, until the figure would have been recognized by any inhabitant of Egdon Heath. Then she thrusts pins of the long and yellow sort into the image in all directions, and at last watches it as it wastes away over the fire, repeating meanwhile the Lord's prayer backwards. Such incantations as this are as old as time itself, and prove again that past and present are inextricably mixed in the Wessex of Mr. Hardy's novels.

Vale and upland, farm and malt-house, are peopled by men and women old in fashion and speech as the cottages which shelter them, as the trees which give them shade. Mr. Hardy's

peasants look upon the action of his dramas with the close, impartial interest of a Greek chorus. They comment upon the tragedy which unfolds itself before their eyes with a shrewdness untainted by the cunning of the town, and in a language which would have been intelligible to our forefathers three centuries ago. Mr. Hardy is as happy in his use of the vernacular as Scott himself. Whenever he marshals his gossiping yokels upon the scene, his style assumes a happy propriety, a noble amplitude of expression. The comments of the laborers upon Bathsheba Everdene in "Far From the Madding Crowd" are in the true vein:

"Be as 'twill, she's a fine handsome body as far's looks be concerned. But that's only the skin of the woman, and these dandy cattle be as proud as a lucifer in their insides."

"Ay—so 'a do seem, Billy Smallbory—so 'a do seem."

"She's a very vain feymell—so 'tis said here and there. . . ."

"Yes—she's very vain. 'Tis said that every night at going to bed she looks in the glass to put on her nightcap properly."

"And not a married woman. Oh, the world!"

And if in one aspect the Wessex peasants resemble the Greek chorus, in another they are the true heirs of Shakespeare's age. If they met their forebears of Elizabeth's reign there would be no hesitation between them, no misunderstanding. Christian Cantle, "a man of the mournfullest make," and William Worm, "a poor wambling body," are of the true breed. Dogberry still lives in modern England. "What can we two poor lammings do against such a multitude!" exclaims Stubberd in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." "'Tis tempting 'un to commit *felo de se* upon us, and that would be the death of the perpetrator; and we wouldn't be the cause of a fellow-creature's death on no

account, not we! . . . We didn't want the folk to notice us as law officers, being so short-handed, sir; so we pushed our Government staves up this water-pipe." In pomp as in prudence, Stubberd falls not a whit behind his type, and the justice of the comparison proves the equal truth to nature of Shakespeare and Mr. Hardy.)

We have sketched all too briefly the scene of Mr. Hardy's dramas; we have hinted at the part played by his chorus. The dramas themselves have an elemental largeness which befits their background. They are tense and simple, like the dramas of Sophocles. If Mr. Hardy very properly claimed for himself a freedom in the choice of material which most English novelists have denied themselves, he has permitted no license in the treatment of that material. In construction his stories are stern, even to rigidity. It is not for nothing that he passed his youth in the study and practice of architecture. His fable, as the ancient critics called it, is expounded by no more than three or four characters, whose actions are directed by the harsh necessity of faith. They are the playthings of the gods, as the Greeks would have said, or of destiny. In vain they struggle against the doom which hangs over them. "We are but thistle-globes in Heaven's high gales," says Napoleon in "The Dynasts," and that line might serve as a motto for the best of Mr. Hardy's works. He is conscious also to whom he owes his debt:

"A life there was

Among these self-same frail ones—  
Sophocles—

Who visioned it too clearly, even the  
while

He dubbed the Will 'the gods.' Truly  
said he,

'Such gross injustice to their own  
creation

Burdens the time with mournfulness  
for us,

And for themselves with shame.'"

There, set in another light, is his constant theme. Tess, "poor wounded name," is driven to her destruction by a fate which she is not strong enough to control. (Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, is the victim of his own strength and insolent triumph.) Bathsheba, with no evil intent, unseats the reason of a good man, and falls herself a victim to a fickle rascal. It was written in the book of fate that Giles Winterborne should reject the worship of Marty South, and see himself rejected by Grace Melbury. In "Jude the Obscure" instinct and intellect engage in an unequal combat. Jude falls in all the ambitions of his life because he cannot sustain upon his weak shoulders the battle of the new against the old. (For this submission to fate Mr. Hardy has been called a "pessimist." The charge is unjust as well as irrelevant. A man is not a pessimist because he perceives the obvious truth that all is not cakes and ale in this world. A cheerful determination to look upon what is called "the bright side of things" commonly means no more than a wilful blindness. In any case Mr. Hardy has seen life with an impartial eye, and has told us what he has discovered therein; and he does it with so fine a zest, that to charge him with pessimism is to suggest in him who brings the charge an inability to apply to a work of fiction any other test than the test of a happy ending.)

If his dramas be simple in construction Mr. Hardy spares no pains of complexity in the drawing of his characters. His women especially stand out with a clarity and personal distinction which it is not easy to match in modern literature. Eustacia, Bathsheba, Tess, Marty South, Lucetta—they are one and all alive, and easily recognizable. Even in Sue Bridehead, "the slight, pale, bachelor girl," so familiar to-day, was divined by the author. In the portraiture of men, Mr. Hardy is

not so happy and diverse. His faithful lovers, such as Gabriel Oak and Giles Winterborne, are almost too faithful to be true; and the Troys, the Wildeves, the Fitzpiers, the men who unworthily attract beautiful women, seem now and then to be cut to a pattern. But even when we have played the devil's advocate, we can only pause in wonder before this gallery of modern portraits, seen by a visionary and drawn by a master.

Mr. Hardy did not find without a struggle the manner of his Wessex novels. In his earliest experiment he, who owes so little to his predecessors, readily submitted to the influence of his time. With perfect justice he calls "Desperate Remedies" a novel of ingenuity. So ingenious is it, with its plots and counterplots, that it reminds you of Wilkie Collins or Charles Dickens. There is a murder in it, and a sudden death, and a concealed birth, and all the apparatus of the fiction that was popular fifty years ago. Yet it contains the germ of the masterpieces, and it was presently followed, without intervention, by "Under the Greenwood Tree," a modern and exquisite version of "Daphnis and Chloe." And the juxtaposition of these two books is the more remarkable, because, when Mr. Hardy condescends to the romantic or the ingenious, he is sometimes beset by a sort of elfin freakishness. Surely it was a spirit of mischief which saw Viviette, in "Two in a Tower," married to a bishop; nor must "The Well-Be-loved," who fell in love with three generations, be judged by the common standards. And Ethelberta, who, with her friends, wavers always on the borderland of comedy and farce, is a piece of whimsicality. Neigh and Ladywell, her lovers, seem to have stepped not out of life, but out of the works of the old comic writers, and the scene at Rouen, where Ethelberta hides a lover on each of three floors of the hotel,

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out-fantasies fantasy itself. At the same time, it may be said that even the slightest of these works is touched by the master's hand, and that two of them, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," a piece of exquisite pathos, and "The Trumpet-Major," a light-hearted romance, alive with joyous patriotism, are worthy to rank even with the novels of character and environment.

Mr. Hardy's prose style keeps sternly in touch with the tradition of our ancient speech. He uses words with a full consciousness of their weight and meaning. His sentences are compactly knit, and have no loose edges. Moreover, his periods have a pleasant sinuous movement, which proves that he is sensitive to harmony as well as to structure. His mastery of dialect is complete, and, like all masters of dialect, he records the talk of the people with a finer freedom than he brings to the management of the cultured speech. He is not often conscious of his forerunners, and seldom echoes the cadence of another. Now and again he recalls Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," but the reminiscences of the past are found rarely and at long intervals. For Mr. Hardy the English language is an instrument of precision. He will exclude no word from his vocabulary which shall clarify his meaning. He uses words of Saxon and Latin origin with impartiality. It is perhaps a defect of his style that he employs such inexpressive nouns as "premises" or "erection" when the dignified and simple "house" would far better serve his turn. But it was his fortune, good or evil, to live in the days of a tyrannical science, now already "bankrupt," and to admit into his language words of a curious shape and sound, words weighted with associations that are now half-forgotten. *Theomachist, thesmothete, nullibist, zenithal, nebulosity*—these are some of the strange words wherewith he scatters

his pages. And nothing need be said against them if they had justified themselves in their places. But at times they make but a harsh discord, and appear after a brief interval as mere concessions to a scientific curiosity, that has had its day. However, these are mere blemishes upon the surface of a sober, dignified style,—a style which will give Mr. Hardy a high place among writers of English prose.

There remains to say a word of Mr. Hardy's poetry. He himself sets a higher value upon it than upon his prose. "The more individual part of my literary fruitage," he calls it. The passage of time, we think, will correct the writer's own estimate. It is not dangerous to prophesy that by the novels of environment Mr. Hardy will be esteemed in the court of posterity. Comparison, maybe, is unprofitable, and the brilliance of the prose can in no way dim the lustre of "The Dynasts." This, in truth, is a work apart, without ancestry or descendant. It is a drama that can be played upon no stage but the stage of the imagination. It is, as its author says, "concerned with the Great Historical Calamity, or Clash of Peoples," which rent Europe in twain a hundred years ago. And as Mr. Hardy's vast panorama unfolds itself, we are struck most keenly by the poet's amazing impartiality. He stands as far remote from the puppets of his drama as Providence itself. He is fair to Napoleon, without underrating "the last large words" of Pitt. With a balanced hand he leads upon the stage all the great men of the epoch, French and English, and with a rare clairvoyance he seems to see the precise relation of one event to another. And over the whole action there broods a set of impersonated abstractions, or Intelligences, called Spirits—Spirit of Pity, Spirit of Rumor, Spirit of the Years. "The Pities," as Mr. Hardy says, approximate to Schlegel's notion of the

Greek chorus—"the Universal sympathy of human nature—the Spectator idealized." But whatever they be, they at once conduct and comment upon the poem; they explain and enhance the skill wherewith Mr. Hardy selects and knits up the manifold episodes of his vast drama; and they interpret with perfect lucidity the poet's doctrine of fate, the inevitable "working of the Will."

For the rest, it may be said of Mr. Hardy's poetry, what Dr. Johnson wrote of Bentley's, that it is "the forcible verse of a man of strong mind, but not accustomed to write verse; for there is some uncouthness in the expression." If we may quote a specimen, we would choose the following stanzas from "A Trampwoman's Tragedy":—

"From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,  
The livelong day,  
We beat afoot the northward way  
We had travelled times before.  
The sun-blaze burning on our backs,  
Our shoulders sticking to our packs,

Blackwood's Magazine.

By fosseway, fields, and turnpike tracks

We skirted sad Sedge-Moor.

"Lone inns we loved, my man and I,  
My man and I;

'King's Stag,' 'Windwhistle' high and dry,

'The Horse' on Hintock Green,  
The cozy house at Wynyard's Gap,  
'The Hut' renowned on Bredy Knap,  
And many another wayside tap  
Where folks might sit unseen."

Here is something of the ancient ballads, and much else beside—a haunting refrain, a noble use of place-names, and a sense of impending tragedy. But in whatever Mr. Hardy has written it is not merely the intelligence which is at work, it is an instinctive emotion; and if George Meredith be the Ben Johnson of his generation, then surely is Thomas Hardy its Shakespeare—a Shakespeare in his keen perception of human nature. a Shakespeare, also, in the singing of his "native wood-notes wild."

Charles Whibley.

## OPIUM: AN UNSETTLED QUESTION.

From brief newspaper reports and comments on the recent House of Commons opium debate, people are getting wrong impressions. The opium battle is only partly fought, it is not nearly won. Firstly, we have an increasing opium and similar drug evil at home. A few months ago I presented to Parliament, from the city of Liverpool, the most influentially signed local petition I have ever seen, praying for legislation against the opium evil in Great Britain. The drugs of habituation—opium, morphia, cocaine, and the like—are menacing our own national welfare. In the second place, to our shame, under the Colonial Office, our Crown Colony Governments, in Hong

Kong and the Straits Settlements, still play the part of pander to the opium-smoking vice of the people they govern. And in the third place, China is not yet explicitly declared free from obligation to take our Indian opium.

Our Government has taken an important step, but not an immediately final one, toward freeing China from the grip of this "morally indefensible traffic." In the House of Commons, on May 7th last, on behalf of the Government, Mr. E. S. Montagu, the Under-Secretary for India, announced: "That the traffic is dead—in India, at least—and will never be renewed, unless China shows by her own action that she would not actually benefit by



the cessation of the import of Indian opium." By some this is misunderstood to be China's immediate release. It is not so, because there are accumulated, in the treaty ports, stocks of Indian opium waiting to enter China that may take a year in doing so. On the other hand, it is not the refusal of immediate release. Mr. Montagu stated that the accumulation of approximately 20,000 chests is now being taken into China at the rate of 2,000 chests a month. But that does not mean that China will be compelled to take the whole or any part of the 20,000 chests. On the contrary, Mr. Montagu said, "Do not let us talk for a moment of forcing China to take opium."

He also said: "The Chinese never suggested that we should stop the imports completely at once," and he gave as the reason that it was "because they thought that as soon as we had stopped the imports, their difficulties with their own growers would have increased." Later on he said: "Even in 1911, the Chinese Government never for one moment suggested the abandonment of that *pari passu* policy. What they wanted was to quicken that policy, not abandon it, because they thought that the complete cessation of the importation of Indian opium would have increased their difficulties." Later, in the same speech, he said: "If these stocks were to be sent elsewhere . . . and there is absolutely no evidence that the Chinese Government would wish this, it would . . . increase the difficulties of the Chinese Government themselves."

Clearly our Government believes that China's continuing to import Indian opium actually helps and not hinders her policy of suppressing the entire traffic. From Mr. Montagu's statement, it would even appear to be the Chinese Government's desire that its citizens should go on importing In-

dian opium. This acquiescence of China in continued importation is put forward in justification for not stopping the traffic at once. Presumably, therefore, it now rests with China to say whether the accumulated stocks should go in or not. Confirmation of this view is to be found in the House of Commons speech of Mr. Acland, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, on December 20th last. He then said: "Our sending opium to China must come to an end automatically in 1917, and can be brought to an end automatically at any time before that, if the Chinese Government promises to see that it is not being cultivated in their own country."

Now that our own Government has discontinued sales of further opium for China, the Indo-Chinese question is narrowed down to this—must China take the 20,000 chests now in the treaty ports, or may she henceforward refuse to allow their importation? It is for China herself to ask for immediate release. Quite clearly, there need be no difficulty about the disposal of the stocks elsewhere, for, in the aforementioned speech, Mr. Montagu announced the Indian Government's intention to go on producing for the non-Chinese markets. Let its future production be lessened by the number of chests still remaining in the treaty ports. Let India be content with having already made out of opium for China about twice as much money as in 1907 could have been expected from the whole then future Indo-Chinese opium trade. And let China at once go free. Should our Government wish it, let China's freedom to refuse opium till 1917 depend upon her persistence in the suppression policy. Her rulers would not object. But whatever virtue the *pari passu* policy may have had in 1908 or 1909, there is abundant evidence to show that the best way now of helping China is to free her at

once from the obligation to take more Indian opium.

A few days ago there arrived in England, General Chang, President of the Chinese National Opium Prohibition Union. Though not officially representing the Chinese Government, he comes with their knowledge, approbation, and hearty goodwill. Nineteen out of twenty-two Chinese provincial governors have subscribed toward the cost of his mission. He comes with credentials from the highest personages in China. He is one of the military secretaries and an intimate and trusted friend of President Yuan Shih-Kai, who has granted him three months' leave of absence on a special mission, to tell the British Government and people of China's earnest desire for immediate freedom from Indian opium. His personal testimony to the universality of this desire is striking and emphatic. Among many communications he has brought are letters from the Vice-President of the Chinese Republic, General Li Yuen Hung, from the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, from General Feng Kuo Chang, Governor of Chihli, from all the great parties in the new Chinese Parliament—viz., the Kuo Ming Tang, the Kung Ho Tang the Tung Yi Tang, and the Min Chü Tang—and from the Peking Chamber of Commerce. They all express friendliness toward Great Britain, and show a touching faith in our willingness to accede to their prayer for immediate release from the obligation to take Indian opium. The memorial from the Peking Chamber of Commerce asks the British Government for "an immediate and complete stoppage of Indian opium, in order to save the people of China from this poisonous drug, and thus benefit the whole world." Practically the only political parties in China now are the King Ho Tang (which has

just absorbed the Tung Yi Tang and the Min Chü Tang, and is now called the Chin Pu Tang,) and the Kuo Ming Tang. The memorial of the former asks for "an instant cessation of the importation of Indian opium." The memorial of the latter says that, "as long as Indian opium can come in, the prohibition movement cannot attain its complete success, that the people of new China are anxious that the opium curse may be got rid of at the earliest date, and desire, therefore, an early cessation of the importation of Indian opium."

The two delegates from the Fukien province to the recent great Chinese National Anti-Opium Conference at Peking, viz., Ding Neng Giong and Shau Hsiang Cheng, send a special memorial of their own, addressed to the British Parliament. It recites that in Fukien "the planters were promised that, as soon as their cultivation was stopped, the importation of foreign opium would be discontinued, and growing was totally suppressed in 1911." Then, in the autumn of 1911, the revolution broke out, and, "taking advantage of the non-fulfilment of this promise and weakness of the Government after the revolution, and being jealous of the great profits enjoyed by those dealing in foreign opium, the farmers in Hsinghua and some other districts naturally attempted again to grow poppy, which was far more lucrative than any other crop. It was not seldom that they asked, 'Why should the Government prohibit its own citizens from saving a little money by growing their poppy, while it allows the importation of foreign opium? And so long as the Government could not keep its promise of excluding the foreign drug, why should we obey its law and stop planting our poppy?' They could not be prevailed upon to stop the cultivation without the application of some military force.

In the Hsinghua Prefecture alone, over a thousand planters and others were killed by the troops before this poisonous plant was wiped out. If the foreign opium be not immediately excluded, after the terrible destruction of so many lives and such a great quantity of poppy as in Hsinghua, would the Chinese farmers not consider it most unjust for their Government to bring a military force again upon them and kill them for attempting to raise the next crop of poppy? When a Government is not backed up by justice, it cannot accomplish much, even with a military force."

Fukien is only one of several provinces in which the authorities have had to call out the military to suppress poppy-planting. In China's heroic task of suppressing the production, sale, and smoking of opium, her difficulties in any case are enormous. In at least two of the western provinces there are several areas occupied by uncivilized tribes, which are practically independent. In Kansu and the remoter parts of Szechuan and Yunnan, far away from Peking, the lack of money for the payment of officials' salaries and the terrible temptation to the local authorities to wink at the highly profitable poppy-growing as a means of raising local revenue consti-

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tute a situation full of difficulty, and open the door to grave abuse. Quite recently reports have reached me of poppy-growing in Russia on the borders of Mongolia and of the smuggling of opium into China. And undoubtedly, with a large part of Mongolia itself in revolt, China must find it practically impossible to check there either the fabulously lucrative production or the enslavingly seductive use of the drug. Let it be remembered that China has also to prevent the importation and use of other equally harmful and easily smuggled drugs, such as morphia and cocaine, and some idea may be formed of the difficulties confronting her.

Never did the rulers of a great people struggle more gallantly to free it from a debasing vice than China's rulers are struggling to-day. Never did a great nation more sorely need our sympathy and help than China does to-day. The hour of her need is the hour of our opportunity—not for a moment to push her further into despair—but to lift her out of it into the sunshine of hope. Great, indeed, has been the wrong we have long done her. Proportionately great is the obligation now resting upon us to set her immediately free.

*Theodore Cooke Taylor.*

## THE ANGEL.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the chairman, looking first at the book, then at the correspondent, and then at the managers seated round the table, "so we've been entertaining an angel unawares."

And he might have added that it had taken them just twelve months to see the wings.

### I.

They certainly were not in evidence when the angel first appeared in

Chignett Street, though he was the most presentable of the three candidates for the vacant post. It was the wrong time of the year for the "College list" to be of much use, and the advertisement had brought in poor results. One of the three was a rather shabby-looking man of forty whose testimonials were so guarded as to arouse suspicion rather than inspire confidence. The second was a young

fellow so nervous that it was almost equally difficult to hear or understand what he said or wanted to say. The third was the angel, and by comparison with the other two he shone. He had a fairly good presence, was fairly well dressed, and seemed quite at his ease. His "form" was nothing to boast of. A pass in the Senior Cambridge Local was his nearest approach to University distinction, but he appeared to have attended an amazing number of lectures on an extraordinary variety of subjects, and he had a reasonably good testimonial from his late headmaster.

"Have you any musical qualifications?" asked the chairman.

"I took a course of lectures on the Dalcroze Eurhythmics," answered the angel.

"Ah, indeed," said the Chairman. "but I'm afraid I'm not much the wiser."

"I've seen about them," remarked Miss Phipps, opening her bag as if she thought they might possibly be inside it.

"It's a system of musical theory applied to physical exercises," the angel airily explained.

"Can you play the piano for the children to march to?" demanded Mrs. Goodwin, who was practical.

"Oh yes," replied the angel with an easy nod; "there's not much difficulty in that."

"And play a hymn-tune?" pursued the Rev. Mr. Cobbe.

"That's easier still, isn't it?" said the angel.

"I should like to ask, Mr. Chairman"—it was the voice of an obscure manager in the dark corner of the room—"if this gentleman can teach swimming."

"I never *have* taught it," answered the angel, and then added, with a confidential smile, "but I know how to keep my own head out of the water."

"What a contrast to the other young

man!" exclaimed Miss Phipps after the angel had retired. "So easy and self-possessed."

"Just a little tiny bit *too* much, do you think?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"It's a good fault nowadays, especially for dealing with boys," said the Chairman. "Will someone make a proposition?"

"I propose that we recommend the appointment of the last candidate, Mr.—oh yes—Mr. Wilson," said the Rev. Mr. Cobbe.

"I second that," said the voice from the corner.

"Carried unanimously," declared the Chairman.

So the angel came to Chignett Street.

## II.

Before the angel had been at work for a week, Mr. Worth, the headmaster, was very much of Mrs. Goodwin's opinion. The new master did seem just a little too self-assured. His nonchalance almost amounted to a challenge. He was not in the least rude or insubordinate, but he seemed to look upon the school, and the L. C. C., and the whole educational system as matters of very slight importance. He did not disguise his amusement at the fussy importance of the managers, and the hope he expressed of a speedy visit from the inspectors sounded strange if not absolutely unnatural.

In the ordinary course, a new teacher would have been set to take one of the lowest standards. This vacancy, however, had arisen unexpectedly in the middle of the summer term owing to the sudden breakdown of Mr. Payne, who had been in charge of the Fourth. Here the boys were, on the average, between ten and eleven, and among them were three or four unusually bright lads and a rather heavy contingent of dunces. The Fourth is an important standard, because by the

time a boy leaves it he has generally shown pretty plainly what the rest of his school career is likely to be. Still, there were only a few weeks to run before the summer holidays, and it did not seem worth while upsetting the other classes. So Mr. Wilson was introduced to the boys of Standard IV. as their new teacher.

For the first few days there was hesitation and uncertainty, followed—on the part of the boys—by experiment. They knew perfectly well that only a master of a certain standing has the power of the cane. It was all-important to find out how Mr. Wilson stood in this respect. He was youthful in appearance, and the general opinion was that he was not qualified. Brickell was the chief exponent of this view, and so confident was he that he offered to furnish a test case, and, what is more, did it. It was just at the end of Mr. Wilson's first week. Late in the afternoon he noticed a good deal of turning round, and bending over, and whispering, which seemed to centre round a big, red-faced, loutish-looking boy at the very back of the room.

The master pointed to him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Brickell," answered the boy, in a surly voice.

"Stand up on the form."

"What for? I wasn't doin' nothin'."

"Stand up!" repeated Mr. Wilson, with rising anger.

All eyes turned eagerly from boy to master and back again.

"Last time," said Mr. Wilson loudly. "Stand up!"

Brickell looked down, redder and sulkier than ever and made no movement.

Mr. Wilson turned to a boy on the front row.

"Culpepper," he said, "go to Mr. Worth and ask him if he'll be good

enough to let me have the cane and the punishment book."

Brickell's face fell. He was no hero. "I'll stand up," he said, almost politely.

But Mr. Wilson was not in a melting mood.

"I think you will," he answered, "after you've had the cane."

And when the squat little instrument of doom appeared, he administered a couple of strokes with such unexpected vigor that Brickell fairly howled, and any lingering doubts as to the master's qualifications were swept clean away.

### III.

When the school work began again after the summer holidays, the angel found himself in command of Standard III. He made no difficulty about the Standard: perhaps Mr. Worth might have been better pleased if he had done so. It was the young master's smiling indifference, his air of looking upon the school and all its concerns as matters of very small importance, that irritated him. At the same time he was puzzled by what seemed an inconsistency. Over and over again he surprised Mr. Wilson watching, with what seemed keen, almost strained, attention, some very commonplace person—it might be a master or a boy—sometimes it was the caretaker. He made no friends among the masters, but the nearest approach to friendship was with poor old Mr. Salter, whom all the rest looked upon as a butt for good-humored jokes. And then there was his ridiculous fancy for the boy Caxton.

Caxton too was a butt—the dunce of Standard V. He was a big, heavy-looking boy, well over thirteen, plump and pasty-cheeked, with a slow, hesitating manner of speech. His arithmetic—the touchstone in an elementary school—was incredibly bad, and what seemed a rooted habit of inattention made him an easy prey to any



chance question. In contradiction to physical laws he rose by sheer weight, and his sums were marked wrong as a matter of course. Mr. Payne had given him up as hopeless, and his nickname in the class was "Barmy."

For a little more than three weeks after Mr. Payne's departure, the boy had been in Mr. Wilson's class, and during the first fortnight the new master had accepted the class estimate and let Caxton severely alone. Then, a week before the holidays, he had set as a subject for composition "How I like to read a book," and amid the dozens of dull, stiff, clumsy little essays that he hardly troubled to correct, he had found one, not immaculate as to spelling and grammar, but in style as different from the rest as a real artist's sketch is from a beach photographer's portrait. Eagerly he looked for the name and found it scrawled outside—"William Caxton." He turned back to the composition. "There are some books," he read, "such as 'Ivanhoe' or 'David Copperfield,' that when you lie on the floor in front of the fire and read them, it seems as if they were talking to you like friends."

The next morning, Mr. Wilson called Caxton up to his table and gave him a bright new shilling.

"There," he said, "that's for the first really good piece of work I've seen since I came to Chignett Street."

On such occasions the boys almost invariably applauded. But this time astonishment was so great that, except for the master's words and a mumbled "Thank you, Sir," the shilling was given and taken in absolute silence. But from that day the boy always waited to walk home with the master, and, whenever a chance offered in the playground or the park, they were sure to be found together. And when, not long afterwards, Caxton, then bottom boy in the Fifth Standard, came out third in all London

for the essay prizes offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Worth admitted to himself that the new member of his staff had, in one respect, at any rate, shown some discernment.

#### IV.

In other respects, however, the angel was not a success. At the Christmas examinations, Standard III. made such a poor show that Mr. Worth felt obliged to make an unfavorable entry in the report book, which he showed the culprit.

"I very much dislike doing it," he said, "but just look at those arithmetic papers. They're too bad to pass over."

"Yes," answered the angel, with a pleasant smile, "they *are* careless little devils, aren't they? Let's hope they'll improve."

Mr. Worth frowned.

"We will," he said with strong emphasis, "and in your interests as much as in theirs."

"Oh, of course," said the angel unabashed.

Then there was the music. Mr. Payne, though not a great pianist, had been a decided improvement, as an accompanist, on his predecessor, so when the school reopened in September Mr. Worth asked the new master if he would play the hymn-tune for the opening.

"I'll try, if you like," answered the angel readily enough. "May I choose the hymn?"

He chose a long-metre hymn to the Old Hundredth, which he played in fine style, with his eyes on Mr. Worth.

But the two following days he chose long metres again, and to each he played Old Hundredth. On the afternoon of the third day Mr. Worth asked some of the elder boys to stay after school was over, in order to practise a few wand exercises for the

Prize-giving, which had been fixed earlier than usual.

"I wonder if Mr. Willson could stop and play for us," he added, looking towards his assistant.

"Oh yes, certainly; I dare say I can manage something in four time," was the cheerful answer.

But when the word of command was given and the wands lifted, the piano struck up the Old Hundredth once more, only, this time, played allegro. The boys tittered, and Mr. Worth frowned. He walked across to the performer and spoke in a low voice.

"Is that the only tune you can play?" he asked.

Mr. Willson nodded. "It's the only one I know," he answered.

The headmaster pointed to a book.

"There are a lot of marches in there," he said; "can't you read music?"

"Not a note," replied the angel with undisturbed serenity. "I do it all by ear."

Six months later, when visits to the swimming baths were being discussed, Mr. Worth turned to the angel.

"Let's see: you're a swimmer, aren't you, Mr. Willson?" he asked.

Mr. Willson shook his head emphatically.

"Not a yard; not a stroke," he answered.

"That's funny," remarked Mr. Worth, looking puzzled. "It was only the other day that I was talking it over with Miss Phipps. She said she was sure you'd lend a hand. She remembered your telling the managers that you knew how to keep your head out of the water."

"Oh yes, that's right enough. I can keep my head out of the water."

"Well, how do you manage it?" asked the headmaster a little impatiently.

"By never going in," answered the angel simply.

## V.

As time went on, the entries in the report book of Standard III. became still more unfavorable. "The writing is very bad and the arithmetic—except in a few cases—really deplorable."

"The teacher does not seem to get hold of the class—the discipline leaves a great deal to be desired." "No improvement in any respect. The work on the whole is very poor." Such were some of the entries which soon introduced to the Inspectors Mr. Willson's engaging personality.

They found it even more puzzling than engaging, an absolutely unfamiliar type. He welcomed them with a smiling urbanity which somehow seemed to put them in the wrong from the first. Without a word to which they could take exception, he managed to convey the impression that it was they who were new and remarkable types, awakening in him a keen and vivid interest. He listened to their criticisms, exhortations, and warnings with a quiet air of detachment, considering and weighing, it seemed, their views, and reserving his own judgment. Of nervousness, confusion, or apprehension there was not a trace, but a strong though well-controlled sense of humor was always in evidence.

"Look here, Mr. Willson," said Mr. Turton, who was a new broom and thought himself a vacuum cleaner at least, "this won't do at all."

And he pointed to the fatal entries.

"They're not very encouraging, are they?" answered the offender, with a courteous smile.

"It's got to be altered," the Inspector declared.

"Or where shall we be?" echoed the teacher.

"Oh, there's not much doubt about that," answered Mr. Turton, smiling too, but grimly. "In one of the com-

mittee-rooms on the first floor at the Embankment."

An expression of quick interest lit up the young man's face.

"That must be quite an experience," he said. "Truth beats fiction any day. I've been told that those committees are a caricature of Dickens."

"As mad as a March hare," said the Inspector to the headmaster. "I never came across such a specimen before. Has he any points as a teacher?"

"Well," answered Mr. Worth, "he's not a fool, in some ways. If he's roused, he can come down on a boy pretty sharply. And a good many of the boys like him. On Fridays he generally reads to them for the last half-hour or so, and you can hear the laughing on the other side of the hall. There's no doubt of his popularity for that half-hour."

"What does he read to them?" asked the Inspector curiously.

"Why, that's as mad as the rest. His favorite literature seems to be *The Trumpet*—you know, the Sunday paper. There's some man who writes sketches there, and Mr. Wilson seems to be a great admirer of them. Mr. Rose showed me one the other day, and it really was rather funny. I must say I should have thought they were over the boys' heads, but they seem to love them. Some of the sketches are about the schools. That may have put it into Wilson's head."

"Well, I've spoken pretty plainly to him. I told him he was heading straight for the Embankment."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he seemed to enjoy the prospect."

"No accounting for tastes," remarked the headmaster.

## VI.

The angel's tragedy moved on quickly to its final scene on the Victoria Embankment. Before this was

reached there had been special visits by the Inspectors, and the managers had devoted an entire meeting to a discussion of the case. Now, the Teaching Staff Sub-committee had expressed a desire to interview Mr. A. W. Wilson, and to the same feast had been bidden the headmaster, and the Rev. Mr. Cobbe as a representative of the managers.

The appointed time was 12.10 p. m., and by 12 the head and his assistant were cooling their heels in the waiting-room. The difference in their demeanor was striking. Mr. Worth was evidently troubled. He fidgeted about, walked from door to window and back again, looked at the official literature on the table and then threw it down, and pulled out his watch half a dozen times. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, showed not the slightest trace of discomposure. He sat down in the least uncomfortable chair, pulled out from his pocket a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* and read on with undisturbed serenity. At first there were two other occupants of the room, but after a while they went out. Mr. Worth came across to his subordinate.

"Look here, Wilson," he said, "they'll ask me about you, in there. I shall have to tell the truth, but I'll let you down as lightly as ever I can. I really am thoroughly upset. I'm sure you could do quite well if you made up your mind to. If you tell them so, I don't believe they'll be very hard on you. I dare say the Chairman will read you a lecture——"

"Oh, don't worry about it," interrupted the angel, looking cherubic if not angelic. "I quite understand. You've been very kind, all through. It's all experience too, isn't it? And so interesting!" he added as an afterthought, and to himself, for Mr. Worth, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, had gone out into the corridor.

A minute or two afterwards, the liv-

eried attendant, a list in his hand, came to them with the information that Mr. Wilson's case had been reached.

"Who's the Chairman?" asked the angel almost on the threshold.

"Medwin-Jones, I think," whispered Mr. Worth. "I'm afraid he's rather a Tartar."

"I hope he's the one that drops his sitches!" exclaimed the angel gleefully. "An ideal Chairman for an education committee."

#### VII.

The case did not take many minutes—the list was long and the time short. The committee-room was large and well-lighted. At a very big table sat the Committee, the Chairman in the middle. Opposite him, at a little distance from the table, were two chairs—one for the angel, and one for the headmaster. Room was made at the table for the Rev. Mr. Cobbe, who bustled in late. A number of chairs at one end of the room accommodated quite a crowd of official-looking personages, among them Mr. Turton.

The Chairman, a clean-shaven, dark, hatchet-faced man, with pince-nez and the manner of one who is desperately driven but resolutely methodical, took up a printed paper and gave what he intended for a lightning-glance at the assistant teacher.

"Mr.—er—Wilson?" he asked.

The angel nodded amiably.

Mr. Medwin-Jones consulted some notes, then he said, speaking in a thin, tired voice:

"Well, Mr. Wilson, this is a very unhappy and unsatisfactory state of affairs. These reports now—we don't want to be hard on you—we quite understand that you haven't had much experience, but there doesn't seem to be any improvement. What have *you* got to say, Mr. Worth, as to that?" he added, turning to the headmaster, who looked more miserable than ever.

"I'm afraid I can't say there has been much improvement," he answered. "Mr. Wilson's heart doesn't seem to be in his work. I'm sure he has plenty of ability, but it seems as if he can't, or doesn't care to, bring it to bear on teaching. His class is steadily deteriorating—order, attention, work. Many of the boys like him personally, but they are getting quite out of hand, and that, of course, affects the other classes."

"Yes, of course; quite so," said the Chairman, drumming with his fingers on the table. "Is it an exceptionally difficult class?" he asked.

"No, I should say not," answered Mr. Worth.

"I suppose you have talked things over together?"

"Oh yes; time after time."

While this little conversation was going on, the angel was looking round the room with quick, keen glances, acknowledging Mr. Turton with a nod and a smile, passing quickly from face to face, easy, alert, and apparently cheerful. His eyes came back to the Chairman as Mr. Medwin-Jones addressed him again.

"Well, Mr. Wilson, you see what our position is. We are ultimately responsible for the efficient working of the educational machine, and we can't allow the work of a school to be thrown out of gear because one wheel won't, or can't, run smoothly."

He paused for a moment, and the angel interposed with a delightful air of sweet reasonableness.

"No, indeed. That would be very hard on the other wheels."

The Chairman stared hard at this most unusual type of delinquent. If such a thing were not incredible, he could almost have thought he was making fun of the whole affair.

"I am glad you appreciate the seriousness of the situation," he said, with a distinct tightening of his lips. "The

question is, are you really suited to be a teacher?"

"To tell you the truth," answered the angel, "I don't think I am."

The mingled frankness and bonhomie with which this answer was given seemed to stagger the Chairman. He consulted his notes, looked up and then down again, and at last stammered helplessly:

"It—seems—er—appears—a—a—hopeless position."

"Absolutely," smiled the angel, leaning back in his chair, and once more studying the Committee.

"What's to be done, then?" exclaimed Mr. Medwin-Jones irritably.

"Ah, Sir," said the angel, with a graceful little bow; "I think it would be impertinent for me to make any suggestion."

"Do you want to leave the profession, Mr. Wilson?" asked the Chairman abruptly.

"Well, to be quite candid," answered the angel, "I *am* rather tired of it."

"This, in fact, is a resignation," said the Chairman.

"And I needn't write a letter," added the angel, with an air of great relief.

"You must settle that with the correspondent," answered the Chairman shortly. He could not rid himself of an uncomfortable feeling that he was being scored off by this imperturbable, smiling young man. Yet there was nothing to lay hold of. "It's been a very unfortunate business all along," he snapped, "but there's nothing more to say now. Next case."

The angel rose and bowed to the Committee.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said with a courteous smile, and walked out of the room.

#### VIII.

Outside of the committee-room he was soon joined by the headmaster.

"What made you do that?" asked

Mr. Worth. "If you had taken a different line they would have let you have another try."

"But I didn't want it," answered Mr. Wilson. "I was going to resign a week ago, only I wanted to see what the Sub-committee was like. It was tremendously interesting. I'm very glad I waited."

"What are you going to do? Have you anything else to go to?"

The headmaster was as much mystified as the Chairman, but he had a liking for the young fellow, and was wondering whether he had been too hard on him. He certainly had plenty of pluck.

The angel opened his *Telegraph* and pointed to a long, large-print review.

"It looks as if that's going to be my line," he said. "I've got a regular job on *The Trumpet*, besides."

Mr. Worth looked. "The Elementary School under the Microscope," it was headed, and at the foot of the page was the title of the book reviewed—"Temperton Street—A Provided School," and the name of the author—"By A. W. Wilson." Then he glanced at the first lines of the review.

"Many of these sketches," it ran, "appeared in the columns of *The Trumpet*, where they excited a great deal of interest. Brought together, and grouped with a large amount of new material, they make an even stronger impression. Read singly, they might be classed as brilliant journalism; read together as an artistic unity, they are evidently literature. Mr. Wilson has an eye for significant detail and a vivid sense of broad humor that recall Dickens in his early days. There is no risk in prophesying success for such a book as this."

Mr. Worth looked up, a trifle dazed.

"Do you mean to say it's *you* they're talking about?"

The young man opened a parcel he was carrying under his arm, and took



out two copies of what looked like a six-shilling novel.

"I hope you'll accept one," he said. "There isn't so very much Chignett Street in it. I don't think I've been spiteful—I oughtn't to be—you've be-

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

haved splendidly to me. This other copy I meant for the managers. Would you mind giving it to them for me?"

This was how they came to recognize that they had been entertaining an angel unawares.

*B. Paul Newman.*

## THE LAUREATESHIP.

Macaulay once observed that any fool could say his Archbishops of Canterbury, backward or forward; but the obligation of the intelligent schoolboy in this respect where the laureates of England are concerned has never been precisely ascertained. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of obscurity as to the origin and succession of the office. That a Versificator Regis existed in England from Plantagenet times and that, like the Master of the Revels or the Court Jester, he enjoyed a prescriptive right to some kind of emolument in which the grant of a tierce of canary or a butt of sack from the Royal Cellar played a conspicuous part has never been expressly denied. A picture, such as the brush of a pre-Raphaelite delighted to feign, of Chaucer reading his poems aloud to the assembled court may have had its counterpart in "cold physical fact." Pope's "beastly Skelton," Edmund Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton are sometimes represented as "volunteer laureates"; some of them enjoyed pensions, but it will not do to inquire too closely into the mode of their election or the tenure of their appointment. Ben Jonson seems to have been the first regular occupant of the laureateship as a fixed and salaried post under letters patent, usually dated February 3, 1616. He was jostled a good deal, it appears, by rivals both at Court and in the City, and the payment of his pension was irregular; but henceforth the appointment be-

came a regular incident of Court life and the Bays were recognized as "the learned shepherd's meed," and were handed on with traditional responsibilities, duties, rites, ceremonies, and emoluments first to Davenant and then to Dryden. These three laureates, and Rowe, Cibber, and Tennyson subsequently were buried in the Abbey.

After Dryden the laureateship declined sadly to the servitude of party politics and a strange dynasty; and, as whiggism is the negation of all principle, so the panegyric exploits of the paid whig bards involved the negation of true poetry. Shadwell as "Og" had been unsparingly satirized by Dryden; his deviation into sense had been despaired of, and he certainly did little to falsify the prediction when he came to occupy the chair of his mighty predecessor. On Shadwell's death at Christmas, 1692, by the interest of the Chamberlain, Lord Dorset, Nahum Tate, the new Psalmist and botcher of *King Lear*, was appointed to occupy the vacant place. As the laureate of Queen Anne, Tate produced a notable panegyric on tea which he described, more probably as a concession to the reigning fashion than as a matter of personal conviction, as "Panacea." He is described as an honest, quiet man, with a downcast face, somewhat given to fuddling. Southey pronounced him the lowest of all laureates, with the possible exception of Shadwell. On the death of Queen Anne poor Tate encountered the

lot of Dryden; he lost his salary, his butt of sack, and the post of historiographer which often accompanied the laurels; and there was every reason to suppose that henceforth laureates would come in and go out with successive ministries. This was only prevented, we may be sure, by the long unbroken period of Whig ascendancy. For the time being the office gained considerably in credit by the accession of George I. and Nicholas Rowe, who was a stanch Whig, and who, if the well-known story be true, had certainly no strong inducement to put faith in the patronage of Tory ministers. Southey, always a loyal son of the Church, must have forgotten Eusden when he described Tate as lowest of the laureates. Notable as a sycophant even among the clerical chaplains to the nobility in that age, Eusden won the distinction on Rowe's death, in 1718, by the most unblushing flattery to the Duke of Newcastle and his relatives. He surpassed even Rowe in the regularity and unction of his birthday odes, but developed for the rest into the drunken parson much bemus'd with beer of the Dunciad. He figures less prominently, however, in Pope's *Inferno* than his successor the astute and dexterous Colley Cibber, who was at any rate a man of the world and whose odes Jonson characteristically preferred to those of his successors. When Cibber died the post was offered as a sinecure to Gray; but Gray, with his fastidious timidity, refused to have anything to do with the Bays, and William Whitehead, on his appointment in 1737, was called upon to exert his muse in the annual fashion which had now become consecrated by usage. The monotony and bathos thus laid bare to all elicited his "Pathetic Apology for all Laureates" and he obtained a contemptuous

Next Whitehead came, his worth a pinch of snuff,  
But for a laureate he was good enough.

In accordance with the advice usually tendered by heads of houses to poets in those days Whitehead attached himself to a person of quality and died in dignity for a laureate, as an inmate of Lord Jersey's family, in 1784.

Beneath this stone a Poet Laureate lies,  
Nor good, nor great, nor foolish, nor yet wise,  
Not meanly humble, nor yet swell'd with pride,  
He simply liv'd—and just as simply—died.

After Whitehead, upon Mason's refusal and the deafness of the authorities to Gibbon's suggestion that the office had become an anomaly and had better be abolished, the laureateship certainly acquired merit by the accession of Thomas Warton, who, if not a great poet, was a great connoisseur and historian of Poetry. When he died, in 1790, no rival was forthcoming to contest the appointment of Henry James Pye, a gentleman respectable, as Scott affirmed, in everything but his poetry. Pye was fitted to shine as a police magistrate, and he did in fact write a useful compendium of the duties of a justice of the peace. If while still of tender years he could have been induced, like Blackstone, to utter a "Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse" we might have been spared many examples of the art of sinking in poetry. As a poet Pye sank below Whitehead and even Eusden. His reputed *magnum opus* was a lengthy epic called "Alfred." As lyrical and laureate he was sober, reliable, punctual, ornate, and patriotic. His birthday odes were distinguished by their unvarying allusions to vocal groves and feathered choirs, whence the familiar impromptu of the ribald George Steevens:—

When the Pye was opened  
The Birds began to sing,  
Wasn't that a dainty Dish  
To set before a King?

But the great event of Pye's laureateship was the commutation which he negotiated and brought about of the much derided tierce of canary. When, on the accession of James II., in 1685, it became necessary to reappoint the officers of the Royal Household, including the Poet Laureate, the King directed that the annual grant of a butt of sack should be discontinued; and so poor Dryden had to submit to a dearth of canary until he was displaced by the obsequious Shadwell in 1688. On the accession of William III. the grant of wine appears to have been resumed, and continued to be sent annually to succeeding Laureates until the crowning of Henry James Pye. He, with exemplary prudence, elected to accept a yearly sum of £27 in place of the wine, which amount is paid to the Poet Laureate by the Lord Stewart's department for a "butt of sack," the balance of the emolument amounting, it is stated, in recent times to no more than £72 per annum—an exiguity which fully justifies the successive alteration of the Court uniform, narrowed for Wordsworth and then again elongated for Tennyson.

On the death of Mr. Pye in 1813 Scott refused the office, but so managed with his usual tact and good nature that it was offered in an acceptable manner to the excellent Robert Southey, whereupon, as is well known, for the space of eighty years or so the laureateship took on a lustre to which it had long been a stranger. Southey discontinued the birthday odes, but wrote numerous odes upon current events—to the no small profit of Byron, Macaulay, and other of his enemies in the gate. The laureateship was not effectually raised above the dust of faction and party until

1843, when it was conferred by acclamation upon William Wordsworth, who took the Bays, as he said, with palpitating hand and bound them on his locks of snow. He inscribed a sonnet upon the occasion marked by that strange inversion of modesty which repelled Hazlitt and at times staggered Lamb,

There shall ye bide, till he who follows  
next  
Of whom I cannot even guess the  
name,  
Shall by Court favor or some vain  
pretext  
Of fancied merit, desecrate the same  
And think, perchance, he wears them  
quite as well  
As the sole Bard who sang of Peter  
Bell.

The Premier of the day as we know had not heard of Tennyson a few years before Wordsworth's death, when he was induced to read "Ulysses," and as a result conferred a civil list pension upon the poet in preference to Sheridan Knowles. This now forgotten dramatist was still the favorite of some of the profession, such as Lytton, when in 1850, upon the refusal of Rogers, the chaplet was conferred upon Tennyson, for so many years the God of the Golden Bow, if not the Zeus among gods and poets on his summit of Parnassus. The influence of Prince Albert as an admirer of "In Memoriam," is said to have been paramount in the appointment. But the offer of the Court poet's place was made in the most delicate and flattering terms, the maintenance of the office being grounded, first, on ancient use and precedent and, secondly, upon the Queen's wish to retain a link between St. James's and Parnassus. There is something pleasing about the conception of the Court as a microcosm of human society, with its jester, its satirist, its historian, its almoner, and the Court poet. As the jester had his cap and bells, so the poet had

his paraphernalia, his butt of sack which enabled him to entertain Feste and other choice spirits if it seemed well to him within the precincts of the Court—of course within hours not proscribed by the presiding Major domo. For a poet to be a professional in those days patronage of some sort was indispensable, and that of the Court took this somewhat indefinite form. Nothing was probably fixed definitely and inalterably in regard to the appointment, except that the payment was in a chronic state of arrears. But the regular production of the scheduled odes postulated a certain amount of exhilaration which was duly provided for, while the public were adequately protected by the music and pageant in which the actual utterance of all this periodical poetry must have invariably been smothered. Queen Victoria, who reverted in her ideals to the Stuarts, revived a personal and sentimental attachment to her Court poet. In the case of other Sovereigns of her Dynasty we may perhaps take it for granted that the relationship was for the most part purely nominal. It is well known that the late King was no very devoted student of poetry. At a banquet upon a semi-literary, semi-State, occasion when the names of the guests had to be submitted for the King's personal inspection, that of an extremely well-known poet was objected to on account, it is said, of its unfamiliar and plebeian sound. Explanation led to frank admission of the king's unfamiliarity with some of the chief poetic reputations of the day. Yet the poet in question was one of the daintiest and most accomplished writers of *vers d'occasion* that the country has produced.

One of the implications of this not very happily chosen synonym for *vers de société* or *vers de circonstance* is that such verse is cheap on the market and

that all verse written to order comes short of being poetry. But this is manifestly not the case with poets of very different degrees of power. Tennyson and Longfellow, for instance, both wrote some of their best poetry at the behest of public opinion. One feature ordinarily attending the production of such poetry is that the audience for it is artificially enlarged, and that the immediate judgment is apt to be very erratic—as in the case of Tennyson's noble Ode on the Death of Wellington, which was adjudged by many egregious critics to be on a level with notorious effusions by Rowe and Whitehead! It is noteworthy, perhaps, that two of the best known poems of our time—one of the best and one of the worst—have been produced under somewhat similar conditions of popular commission and popular acclamation by an unofficial laureate of the moment.

The wisdom or unwisdom of doing away with the time-honored conventions of the laureateship at the present juncture is a question on which we do not feel ourselves called upon to pronounce judgment. It must be admitted that the excessive purism of some of the critics of the ancient office and the sensitiveness of others on behalf of the sacred flame of poesy is not a little paradoxical at a time when the example of Tennyson in declining to regard the acceptance of an honorific title from the State as any degradation to the fair fame of "Poetry and Polite Letters" is being so eagerly followed on every hand. Still more wasteful and paradoxical in our opinion would be the waste of skill and connoisseurship in the matter of making a choice among a most opulent field. The perplexity and utter bewilderment as to the canons which should rightly govern their choice might, in the case of such Premiers as Palmerston and Salisbury, be very well ac-

counted a valid reason for suspending any appointment. But in the case of our present Prime Minister, as is well known, the situation is entirely reversed. Mr. Asquith, since the days when he rehearsed beneath the stars of midsummer in their nocturnal pomp

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in the garden quad at Balliol, has been a regular devotee of the double-flute. He not only knows the young poets of the day, but he actually quotes their immortal works. Never, surely, since the institution of the office have the auguries been so favorable.

## NEW MODELS FOR DANCERS.

One does not look for much brains in dancing boys or dancing girls, any more than in dancing dolls. There is nothing surprising in their accepting the negroid importations from America with enthusiasm. It is a new toy: a "fine lark," as precisely the same quality of mind at the opposite end of Society would say. To ask them to be critical of the new hops and trots as æsthetic art is irrelevant. In the hands, or the feet, of a professional dancing no doubt is a fine art; but the amateur—well one does not look for art from Phillistines. They want excitement, and the new dances offering new and more lively sensations, they greedily take to them. Just what a child left to itself always does. Of the origin of these dances or where they come from most dancers are no doubt gloriously unconscious. Some may be too respectable to know, more are too ignorant; others prefer not to ask. But it is rather the chaperons who prefer not to ask. The various "trots" are drawing the men well. It would be a pity to spoil sport. But one cannot help being impatient at the silly hypocrisy which pretends to be in doubt about the meaning of these nigger movements. (We are quite willing on Sir Sydney Olivier's authority to "concede" the "Boston" as not negroid. We be not dancing masters.) They are all sex dances, as everybody knows who will know. Obviously

they can be so danced as to refine away the essence of the dance; when it becomes pointless as well as ugly. So far as we can make out, the defence of these Yankee novelties is that youth will be youth; boys and girls must have more boisterous amusement than they have been able to get from the waltz. Obviously then if you refine away this romp element, there is nothing left that is worth having. It is precisely the indignity of the dance that appeals to the young blood. Sometimes, too, it appeals to old blood, to judge from a letter in the "Times" signed "Senex." This frolicsome elder finds himself rejuvenated as he watches his daughters, whom he is showing in the ballrooms, trotting round with the boys, who remind him of his golden youth. It is a pity he does not entertain the assembly by turkey-trotting himself. He would be a truly delightful spectacle. Well, if an old man can be fool enough to like these things, one cannot be surprised if young fools do the same. One must give up asking for dignity and grace: that has gone with the House of Lords. When there was a House of Lords and there was an aristocracy, we had grand manners, whatever may have been our morals. Whether morals are better or worse is difficult to say, but our manners are undoubtedly worse, so far as we have any manners now.



But we do complain of our golden youth that, if they must have more sensation in their dancing, they go to the dark places of America for it. The dancing mind is not inventive, we can well believe, but almost at their gates they can find better models. A single visit to the Zoo will show them many more excellent ways. Consider the apes. Why not an Ape's Antic instead of a turkey-trot? Let the boys and girls practise the movements of the orang, the chimpanzee, or, best of all, the agile gibbon, and they would provide plenty of sensation for the onlookers and more exercise than they want for themselves. Boy facing girl, each on all fours on the floor; each turns back on the other and scales the wall opposite; then they approach depending on all fours from the ceiling, and face each other just as they started from the floor. The figure could be multiplied indefinitely. Half-a-dozen boys and half-a-dozen girls on all fours on the ground, heads convergent in the centre of the circle, could go through the same evolution, meeting on the ceiling. Only a little scaffolding would be needed for them to hang from. Hostesses would be delighted to provide that for such a show.

Or a Monkey Tug. Why not a monkey tug? Everybody must have watched with delight one monkey seize the tail of another, and the third seize his, and a fourth his, and so on until you have a long chain of monkeys, every one hauling at the tail of the one in front. Another variety of the tug is when several monkeys to-

gether hold on to the tail of the first and pull. There is generally much yelling. The tails of the men's evening coats would serve as the monkeys' tails perfectly well, and the effect would be wondrously similar. The spectacle would be most diverting. There would be vast amusement and much noise; just what is wanted now.

And there might be a Midges' Maze. Midges obviously dance, the salient movement being a vertical leap, the midge going up and coming down apparently in an absolutely perpendicular line. A squad of boys and girls doing this would have an extremely inane ridiculous effect, and it would be very vigorous exercise. Also it would make a considerable row. The flapping of the garments would add to the absurdity of the effect. There are some birds, we believe, which indulge (the cock-birds at any rate) in a very similar antic in the breeding season, flapping their wings (in their finest nuptial plumage) as they jump. This could be imitated very successfully by dancing youths; the girls playing the part of the admiring hens.

And why not a Fleas' Frolic? Nothing can exceed the agility of a flea. A musical arrangement of leaps could easily be devised. One dancer could leap into the arms of another or on another's back. And if it were wanted to be realistic, one could give the other a little bite, scarcely harder than a kiss. It would be a most popular dance.

If only our devotees of the negroid dances would condescend to learn from the "bugs" and apes! They should not find it difficult.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBASSADORS.

Over two hundred years ago a French diplomatist, M. Louis Rousseau de Chamoy, wrote a treatise on his profession which he entitled "*L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur*"; and it is interesting to be reminded by this brochure, which has only just come to light, how little the problems of conduct and hospitality and bearing which beset Ambassadors to-day have altered since the seventeenth century, and how static are the qualities which go to make a successful diplomatist. M. de Chamoy discusses the advantages and drawbacks of a lavish expenditure and an imposing presence, and the pros and cons, of having "*une ambassadrice*" by one's side, much as an Ambassador of to-day might be conceived as resolving such questions; and the main conclusion he comes to is that, after all, it is brains and personality that count. It would be, perhaps, a little cruel to apply that test to the service at large, and there may even be posts where it would not apply at all, and where decorous stupidity would be as useful as any other qualification. But in at least two offices—the British Embassy at Washington and the American Embassy in London—brains and personality are not only desirable but absolutely essential; and it is a suggestive coincidence that both these appointments should have fallen vacant almost simultaneously, and that each should have been filled by the obviously right man. Two happier selections could hardly be conceived than those which last month sent Sir Cecil Spring-Rice to Washington and a few days ago brought Mr. Walter H. Page to London.

Friendship between Great Britain and the United States may be taken as the settled policy of both countries, and it would probably be beyond the

power of even the most maladroit British representative in Washington, and certainly impossible for any American Ambassador in London, to deflect the general current of Anglo-American relations. But the accredited emissaries of both countries may do something to retard, and may also do a great deal to strengthen and forward, that mutual recognition by the two peoples of all that they have in common, which is the surest basis of political sympathy. This is particularly true of the British Ambassador to the United States. His opportunities for going wrong and creating friction and bringing about one of those "personal incidents" on which the American press delights to batten, are almost endless. So, too, are his opportunities for acting as interpreter of the best that there is in Great Britain to the intelligence of America. It is quite a mistake to imagine that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice has entered upon either an easy or an uninfluential office. The conditions impose on him an unusual degree of wariness. For one thing, he has to carry on his work in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not only unknown but unimaginable. For another, there is always a party in the United States anxious to score a point against Great Britain, and there are always votes to be won—though not many, happily, in these days—by an anti-British campaign. Our Ambassador, therefore, has need of all his tact, level-headedness, and discrimination. He must be ever ready to make allowances; he must constantly remember that America is the exception; he must know what to discount; above all, he must have the instinct for taking Americans in the right way.

"A wife may be of the greatest as-

sistance to an Ambassador," is one of M. de Chamoy's somewhat indefinite contributions to the problem of diplomacy. In Washington, certainly, it is all but impossible to dissociate the British Ambassador's wife from her husband's failure or success. The prestige of the British Embassy may often, indeed, depend more on her social flexibility than on his official merits. There are probably very few Englishwomen who are really happy or popular in the United States, or can help being jarred—and, what is worse, showing that they are jarred—by the thousand and one little differences between English and American social standards and ways of doing things. The wife of a British Ambassador has to accommodate herself to a social environment that is all the more difficult to gauge because of its similarity in general outline to what she is used to at home or in the capitals of Europe, and its dissimilarity in detail. She has to master the art of accepting persons and things as they come without comment or surprise, and of recognizing that what might be counted easygoingness or curiosity in London may in Washington be merely a novel token of friendliness and interest. She has to bear in mind that in matters of social usage the English and Americans, while aiming at the same mark and meaning essentially the same thing, often behave and express themselves in opposite senses. Not every British Ambassador at Washington has had a wife who possessed these qualities of perception; and more than one hostess at the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue has passed her time, like Lady Barberina in Mr. Henry James's incomparable tale, in a state of hopeless alienation from, and misunderstanding of, her new surroundings. When this is the case, the result is apt to be disastrous, because Washington resembles nothing so much as a whispering-

gallery, its society is small, exceedingly intimate, and enjoys a highly specialized code of etiquette that is all its own, and a mistake, especially a mistake on the part of the British Ambassador's wife, becomes public property at once.

It ought to be written up over every mantelpiece in the Foreign Office that the type of man to represent Great Britain in the United States is the type of man who for a generation or more has represented the United States in Great Britain. Washington is the last city in the world where an Ambassador of the reserved and angular species, all stiffness and conventions, can make any headway. So far indisputably the best representative that this or any other country has sent to America was Mr. Bryce. He possessed, of course, many advantages that none of his successors is ever likely to command. But at bottom, the real reason why he achieved so remarkable a triumph was that in his instincts and his interests he was as far removed as could be from the ordinary professional diplomatist, and approximated very closely to the sort of man that the United States has been accustomed to send to London. From Adams down to Mr. Walter Page, whose advent it is a pleasure to welcome, all the American Ambassadors have been men of distinction, cultivation, literary aptitude, and wide democratic sympathies. They have done as Mr. Page will doubtless do: they have gone everywhere and met everyone; they have delivered addresses at meetings and universities and before philosophical and literary societies; they have made themselves an intimate part of the public life of the country to which they were accredited; they have been as emphatically Ambassadors to the people as to the Court or Whitehall or the West End. A great and unique

tradition has thus gathered about the American Embassy in London. Mr. Bryce in his seven years of service laid the foundations of a not dissimilar prestige at Washington; and, invaluable assisted by Mrs. Bryce, the British Embassy became in his hands what the American Embassy in London was

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in the hands of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay and Mr. Choate. Mr. Page in London is certain to prove a reversion to the type of scholar-diplomat that, before the coming of the millionnaires, was America's distinctive and most agreeable contribution to international intercourse.

### NIETZSCHE AND THE WOMAN.

I found Valeria with a largish book open on her lap, a furrow of perplexity across her brow, and a troubled look in her intelligent eyes. Then I noticed upon a little table by her side was a pile of other books, which I judged, by their binding and general aspect, were of the serious sort.

"I am so glad that it occurred to you to call this afternoon," she greeted me. "You can be of the greatest possible help to me."

I felt that one of the most cherished ambitions of my life was perhaps about to be realized, and I said so. I raised an interrogative eyebrow and awaited an explanation.

"We have a meeting here to-morrow night," she said. "A lot of women, you know—all women."

"Suffrage?" I asked, feeling a little damped. "I am afraid I can't be of much use if—"

"Oh, no, no, not this time. Nothing quite so formidable, and yet, I don't know—no, it's a meeting of the Women's Home Culture Circle, the local branch of it, you know, and we're going to talk about the Philosophy of Nietzsche. Now, naturally, as it's in my house I shall be expected to say something, and I want to say something that sounds intelligent. I want to be bright. So I got all his books I could from the library, and I made Roger buy me, this one and bring it home last night." She held out towards me the book she had upon her lap. It

was the latest volume upon the Philosophy of Nietzsche.\*

"I don't find myself getting much brighter, the more I read," she went on. "In fact, I can't make out so far what sort of man he was. He says some awful things. Was he really as awful as he seems to think we ought to be?"

"Yes," I replied, "I think he was quite as awful as he says you ought to be. But in what particular way do you gather from these volumes, does Nietzsche charge you to set about being awful?"

"Oh—well—I was thinking about love and—that sort of thing. Was he that sort of man—was he like—like Lord Byron, I mean?"

"He was most stupendously unlike Lord Byron," I replied. "Byron was always in love; Nietzsche never was. His sister says of him: 'All of his life long my brother remained completely apart from either great passion or vulgar pleasure.' She says further 'that every inclination to a feminine personality quickly changed to a tender friendship, however fascinatingly pretty the fair one might be.' You see, he wasn't much like Byron, was he?"

"N—o. I think he was horrid. do 't you? Perhaps his sister didn't know much about him, you know. Sisters don't always, do they?"

"You might say that at to-morrow

\* "The Philosophy of Nietzsche. An Exposition and Appreciation." By G. C. Chatterton Hill. Ousley Fleet Lane, London. 7s. 6d.

night's meeting," I suggested "it would be a most illuminating criticism."

"Try not to be more disagreeable than you can help," Valeria said, "but tell me, as shortly as you can, what were his views about women. That's what the discussion is sure to turn on to-morrow night."

"Happily, those views may be summarized," I responded. "He says distinctly somewhere—I forget where, but I can easily find you the passage, I daresay—that they are always cats or birds, or at the best—" I hesitated.

"Well?"

"Cows," I added. "He calls Georges Sand," I went on hastily, "a milch cow with a fine style."

"Oh, they *are* cats," she said, "that's rather obvious. But birds?—I don't know. What sort of birds do you think he meant we were?—parrots, magpies?"

"Personally I have not the slightest doubt he meant geese," I replied. "But he insisted on their essential affinity with cats. He says somewhere else that 'woman is *essentially* unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she may have assumed the peaceable demeanor.' I don't fancy the militant Suffragette would have surprised him a bit. In fact, he anticipated the coming of Mrs. Pankhurst."

"Did he?" she asked. "Where? I should like to say something about that to-morrow night. That would look bright, wouldn't it? Besides, it would annoy Mrs. Buff-Orpington so, and I like doing that."

"I think Nietzsche would have loved you, anyhow," I said. "In you he would have recognized the Eternal Feline. I'll see if I can find the passage I mean." I picked up "Beyond Good and Evil" from the little table and found the passage without difficulty. Some appreciative library reader had marked it deeply in the

margin. I read it out: "The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men. as at present—what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed, actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to *fear* man; but the woman who 'unlearns to fear' sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man—or more definitely, the *man* in man—is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: 'woman as clerkess' is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be 'master,' and inscribes 'progress' of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realizes itself with terrible obviousness—*woman retrogrades*. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has *declined* in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the 'emancipation of woman,' in so far as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is *stupidity* in this:



movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always a sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed."

"At once a diagnosis and a prophecy, you see," I added, closing the volume.

"Yes," she said. "I shall say that to-morrow night, only I shall put it the other way, so as not to feel too unoriginal. I shall call it a prophecy and a diagnosis. But, I say, 'shallow-pates'! He wouldn't have thought much of The Men's League for Woman's Suffrage, would he?"

"He called them in anticipation, 'idiotic friends and corrupters of woman' and 'learned asses,'" I said.

"He might have left out the 'learned,'" said Valeria. "But, however he might have disliked the Suffragettes," she went on, "he would at least have admired them for their pluck, wouldn't he?"

"I'm not so sure even of that," I answered.

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were. "Anyhow, he would have had small sympathy with their martyrdom—martyrs didn't appeal to him. He says somewhere else that 'martyrs have been a great misfortune in history. Even at present a crude form of persecution is all that is needed to create an honorable name. Phut! does it alter anything in the value of an affair that somebody lays down his life for it?'"

"What I can't help feeling about him is," she said presently after a pause, "that if he was not—like Lord Byron he ought to have been. It seems inconsistent of him, somehow. I believe I should have liked him better if he had been."

"I'm quite sure you would," I agreed, "and that proves, doesn't it, that Nietzsche, even with his limited experience really did know a good deal about women."

Hubert Bland.

## REFRAINS.

Clocks and the sea and all rhythmic things can charm the mind or madden it, and all things that repeat themselves can call on the fancy and be heard; for the human mind loves an echo, even as children do; it loves to expect recurrence and hear it and be satisfied. Therein lies, partly, the pleasure that metre gives. For all verse-forms are in substance this: a pattern of sound is built up, and then repeated in an order fixed or varied cunningly, to engage and mock or satisfy the ear. The pattern must have clear identity, and one thinks of the "hexameter curling-crested," and that distinctive ending of dactyl and spondee which gave it precedence over the old plain iambic—for the iambs had no true ending; they would come apart at any point. It is a pattern that can

vary enormously and still be itself:—

"Then to him answer'd again great  
Hector *helm'd with the lightning*,  
'Alas, Telamon's son, god-born, that  
art *lord of a people*,

Try me no more, but know I am not as  
a *green lad strengthless*

Nor as a woman unlearn'd in the lore  
of the *sword and the battle*."

The thing is a rhyme of rhythm, invented a millennium before the rhyme of vowels that we know, but still a possibility in modern verse, though the new rhyming has really filled its place. Campbell uses such rhythm-rhymes like a drum: in "Hohenlinden":—

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the *dreadful revelry*.

Then shook the hills with thunder  
riven,

Then rushed the steeds to battle  
driven,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the *red artillery*.  
and in the "Battle of the Baltic":—  
"And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.

Here one sees also to some degree another form of pleasure which these repetitions may have for the ear. It is that *expectation of ingenuity* which is alternately aroused and satisfied as one listens to certain vulgar, cheerful, topical songs—that, for instance, wherein "*Months and months and months*," or, in a French parallel that is still more vulgar, "*Tout, tout, tout doucement*," has to be fitted in some way that will make sense, to the end of every stanza. "How will he get to the 'months' this time?" questions the mind, or, "What will happen so very, very 'doucement' at the end of this verse?" And as the resource of the rhymster survives another test, the mind chuckles and applauds. Songs are no doubt the right place for refrains, and the mere presence of a refrain may add something of the song-quality to the quite pedestrian verse. It indicates, at any rate, that something more than a prose emotion is meant by the poet to be felt, and the mind half-consciously attempts to fulfil the poet's wish. And so the gay songs of all ages have had refrains—from the joyous Athenian catch:—

ἐν μύρτον κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω  
ὥσπερ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογαῖτον

—to Peacock's "Three Men of Gotham":—

"Seamen three! What men be ye?  
Gotham's three wise men we be.  
Whither in your bowl so free?  
To rake the moon from out the sea.  
The bowl goes free. The moon doth  
shine,  
And our ballast is old wine—  
And your ballast is old wine."

The desire of convivial audiences to have something manageable to sing themselves has made a delightful addition to the resources of the cheerful lyricist.

On a higher plane a like concession has been made to the vocal, youthful cheerfulness of one part of our congregations. There is a fine joyousness, for example, in the chorus of "Onward, Christian soldiers" and in many a familiar friend of our church-going infancy, and, in a rather different form, this same exultation appears again in religious poetry of deeper tone. The "Benedicite Omnia Opera" is one of the most stirring hymns of praise in the world, and it is almost one long refrain. Its bidding so often repeated—*Bless ye the Lord, Praise Him and magnify Him for ever*—as it strikes again and again on the mind moves it to an exultation which the music alone could not have given. Something the same is the effect of that great Psalm (the cxxxvi.) to whose refrain Milton added rhyme and a modern verse form, though it needed no remodelling to take rank as English poetry:—

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he  
is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of all  
gods, for his mercy endureth for ever,

O thank the Lord of all lords, for his  
mercy endureth for ever."

The refrain alone even in English prose gives the lyric quality which the Hebrew rhyme of sense, however irregular, always gives, and there is added here, as in the "Benedicite," the cumulative magnificence of *for ever* heaped upon *for ever*. When the theme is not exultation but sorrow, the lyric power of the Hebrew repetition is perhaps still greater, even where the refrain is no more than an unrhymic echo:—"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice; Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech:

For I have slain a man to my wounding,  
And a young man to my hurt."

The supreme example, of course, of this old lyrism felt through the veil of modern prose is that great chapter in Samuel, which in spite of its prose form is perhaps the noblest threnic poem in our tongue:—

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

—How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

O Jonathan thou wast slain in thy high places.

—How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

But the massed effects of the "Benedicite" and the Psalm that Milton made a hymn are really little more than an affair of quantity, for mere reiteration has a kind of hammerlike efficacy that strikes fire from the soul on which it beats long enough. The mysterious and beautiful "Pervigillum Veneris" has an echo even within its oft-repeated musical refrain:—

*"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,  
Quique amavit cras amet."*

and the mere numerical frequency with which the chime of *cras amet* returns has the assertive power of an English curfew bell. The thought of love is burned into the brain as the song runs on, and every verse seems to ring and echo with the name of it. Perhaps, too, it is only this emphasis of repetition that makes so horrible the refrain of certain ballads and songs whose theme is horror:—

"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,

Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,

And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

—O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
Mither, Mither;

O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
Alas and wae is me, O!"

—and there is also, of course, the pause, the moment of waiting, the hanging back of the tale on its march; but there is something moving merely in the repetition of those vocatives, and, where the poem ends on a curse, Edward's deliberate "Mither, Mither" is, dramatically, also terrible.

"The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,

Mither, Mither;

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:

Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

Horror may come, too, by a device that is more obvious, by the re-emphasis of a background or a striking circumstance. Again and again the mind is bidden to pause and listen to a storm without, or look at the gay staging of a dreadful scene. Tennyson, archaizing in "The Sisters," uses the first of these effects:—

"—I rose up in the silent night:

I made my dagger sharp and bright,  
*The wind is roaring in turret and tree.*

—I curl'd and comb'd his comely head;

He looked so grand when he was dead.

*The wind is blowing in turret and tree."*

and Leconte de Lisle the second in "Les Elfes," wherein each stanza closes on the lines:—

"Couronnés de thym et de marjolaine

Les elfes joyeux dansent sur la plaine."

It is a troubadour tale, and the refrain adds somehow to the suggestion of romance and the fragrance of a Celtic fairyland, but chiefly it adds, by a kind of ruthless irrelevance, to the pathos of the little tragedy. For here it is pathos rather than horror, the plain pathos of the ballad stories where facts are stated and feelings left to be supposed. And where poetry becomes introspective, too, some re-

Trains aim at reflecting a pathos of mere sentiment that is sometimes almost tearful. There is a kind of wail in Tennyson's "Ænone," where the burden of—

"O Mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,  
Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die."  
is repeated (to the horror of the magazine critics of '33, who thought it was done to fill up space) not far short of twenty times. The effect here is partly to enhance the poem's wonderful musical sweetness, which leaves so strong a flavor in the memory that many who know Tennyson well will answer to an unlooked-for question that "Ænone" is in rhyme; but partly the effect is of a recurring cry that fills the whole poem with the sound of weeping. For when people weep they do repeat themselves; a word or a phrase comes back and back when a sobbing woman tells her woe; and repentant children are ever tautological.

The Latin refrain was a fashion of the fifteenth century. Dunbar had a fondness for it; Dunbar that was trebly a Latinist—Scotsman, Franciscan, courtier—and he seems to use the Latin mostly for its associations with Church singing. The delightful poem that begins:—

"Rorate coeli desuper!  
Hevins, distil your balmy schouris!"  
ends each verse with the Latin line:—  
"*Et nobis puer natus est.*"

The Spectator.

One hears the organ there. A new music breaks in with the refrain, as in Tennyson's great ode the choir comes in upon "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust." It is the device that Shelley uses in the "Hymn of Pan," for there, too, a new music returns with the refrain.

"From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come;  
From the river-girt islands  
Where loud waves are dumb,  
*Listening to my sweet pipings.*

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
And all dark Tempe lay  
On Pellion's shadow outgrowing  
The light of the dying day,  
*Speeded by my sweet pipings.*

Pan is singing aloud to a rippling tune, and suddenly, as the rhythm changes, the pipe seems to break in upon the human voice.

It may be that there is overmuch guess-work in all this. Perhaps there is no such change of music in the "Hymn of Pan," and what one fancy acknowledges another may deny. To one a refrain seems charged with tears which to another rings mechanical; some hear the pipe where others still hear the singer's voice, and to some all such imaginings are foolishness. But they say that no two minds read a musician's thought alike, and yet music, ill or well interpreted, is still a kindly thing in a grim world.

J. F. R.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Royal Women" who are the subjects of Mary Rldpath-Mann's volume bearing that title are Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette and the Empress Josephine. She writes of them, not merely as great figures in history, but as women whose lives were touched with romance and tinged with tragedy. Her

chapters retain the directness and picturesqueness of the lecture-form in which they were prepared. They are vivid pictures of the royal women named and of the times in which they lived. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Montana cowboy, according to Mr. B. M. Bower, the author of "The

*Uphill Climb*," and Mr. Charles M. Russell, who gives the book four good illustrations, uses the dialect popularly attributed to his species in the United States, and wears clothes even more eccentric; these are his invariable traits, but on the question of whiskey, one cowboy differs as widely from another as if his vocation were of the least adventurous sort, and Mr. Bowers pleases to select a hero with a congenital weakness for whiskey. As he is an uncommonly good fighter, this is a serious matter both for his friends and for his enemies, sometimes for all his neighbors, and always for the pretty girl who loves him, and the chronicle of his self-cure is very lively reading, besides being a good temperance tract, and a truthful study of the inebriate. The equestrian incidents of the book are very vivid, and the mystery pervading the whole provides a thoroughly good centre of action. Little, Brown & Co.

Gentle, harmless eccentricity coupled with penetrating comprehension of all manner of beauty makes a combination which nobody expects often to encounter in fiction, inasmuch as but one Charles Lamb has appeared in all the English-writing nations; and Roy Rolfe Gilson, in attempting to write the history of an Elia of this Century, born and reared in the United States, gives his readers an original creation, and calls it "The Legend of Jerry Ladd." There are but twelve chapters in his little book, but nothing hitherto written by him is as striking, or as permanent in its impressive quality. One may forget many heroes, brave, dashing, studious, or pious, but one can hardly forget Jerry. One may call him fool, poet, idealist, or dreamer, but one will remember him. He comes to town to win recognition and bread and butter, and but ~~anted~~

measure of either is meted to him; and then just as he discovers that the master power in man's life is loving unselfishness, comes a summons from the King Himself, and Jerry leaves his few friends and goes away to that Kingdom where he will always be understood. The soft vagueness with which the story is told is consistently maintained, and the book is a charming bit of romance. Doubleday Page & Co.

Elsie Singmaster's "Gettysburg" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is accurately described in the sub-title as "Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath." All of the nine stories in the book relate to the great battle, the fiftieth anniversary of which has just been commemorated, and to its monuments and memories. The first gives a vivid picture of what that fateful first of July meant to the people of the town, upon whom the horror of war fell unexpectedly; in the last we see Mary Bowman, one of those who, dazed with dread, witnessed the battle, and from whose home her husband went out to bear his share in it, sitting on her porch, after nearly fifty years of widowhood, her memories of that day as vivid as ever. Between are the stories of Parsons the coward, who became a hero; of Haskell, whose quick courage in rallying the wavering Union lines did so much to save the day; of Lincoln's speech on the battlefield in November 1863; of the blind gunner Criswell, who went back to the battlefield, after the monument had been erected, only to find that his own name had been omitted from the bronze plate where it should have been inscribed with the others; of the disappointment and ultimate triumph of Billy Gude the guide; and other pathetic incidents of the battle or its commemorations. There are four illustrations by different artists.